

# Pan the Piper

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& Other Marvelous Tales  
by Anna Curtis Chandler

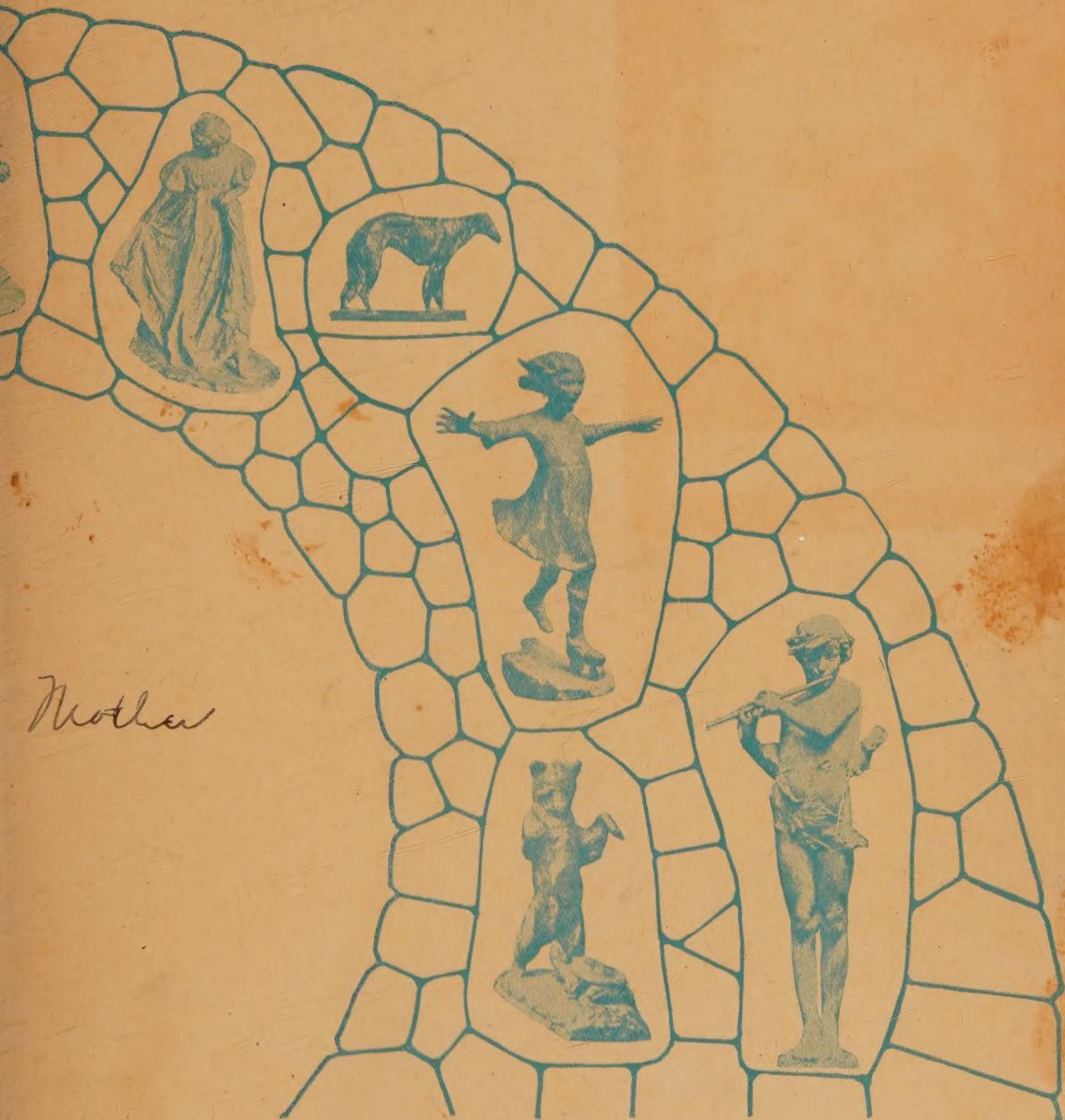


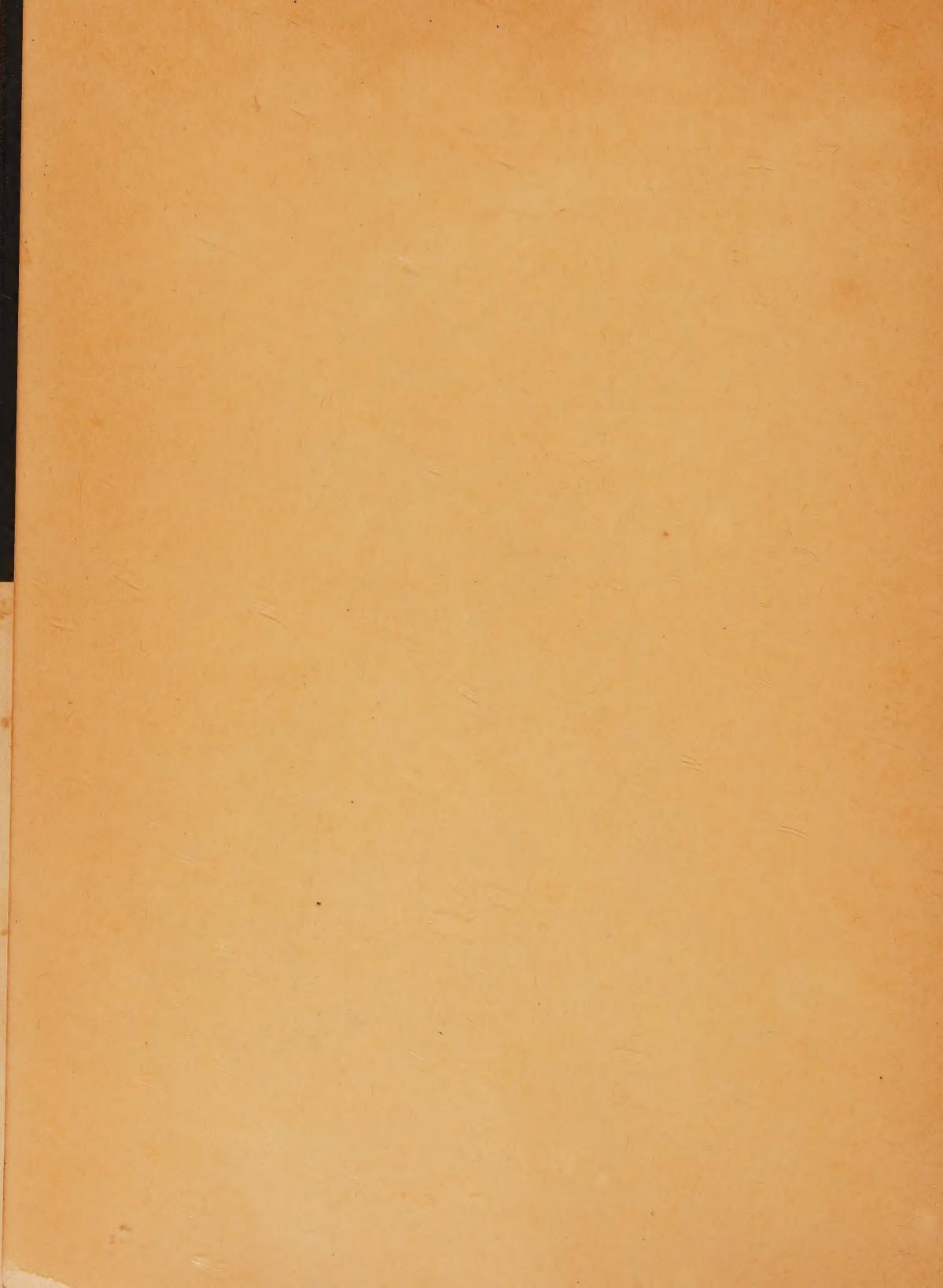


Charlotte  
from

Dec. 11-1926.

Charlotte  
Sue









# PAN THE PIPER

*And Other Marvelous  
Tales*

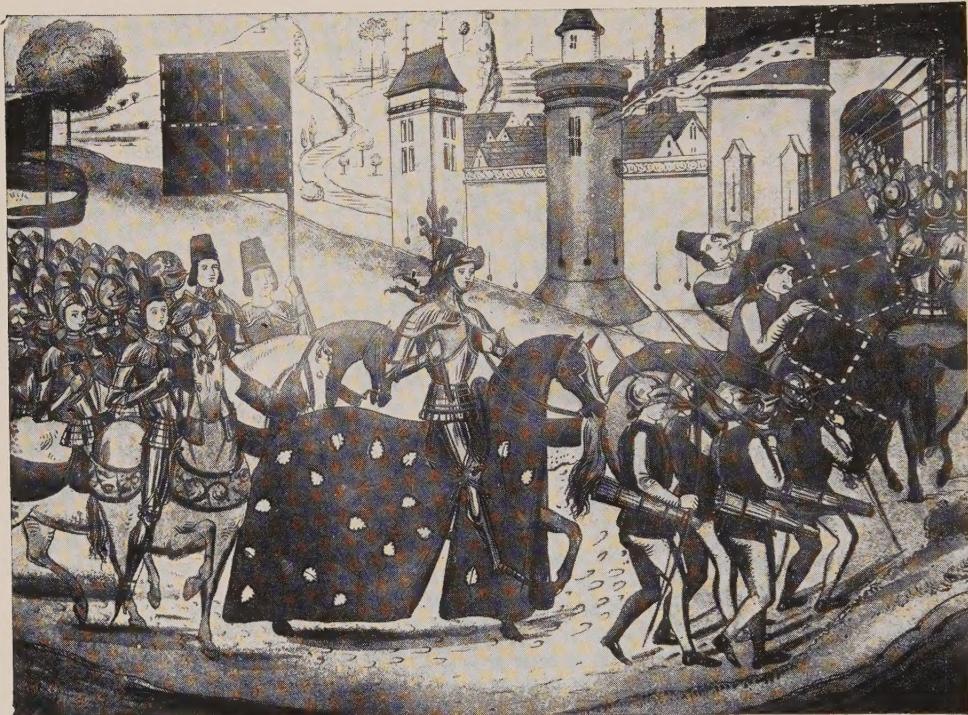




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THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY AND HIS ARMY  
ENTERING CHARTRES

From a fifteenth-century manuscript  
British Museum, London

**T**HE Duke of Burgundy is wearing a suit of plate armor very much like that which you will see in the illustration of the initial letter of the story. As this procession rides by, you can almost hear the loud trumpet blasts of the heralds!

# Pan the Piper

& Other Marvelous Tales  
by Anna Curtis Chandler

*With Decorations and  
Many Illustrations  
from Works of Art and  
Old Manuscripts ☙*



Harper & Brothers Publishers  
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PAN THE PIPER

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To  
MR. AND MRS. ROBERT W. DE FOREST  
Who Understand Children So Well







## The Story-Teller

bows and thanks all the friends who have helped her in the making of this book: the Metropolitan Museum and Library and the Boston Public Library for their courtesy; especially Miss C. Louise Avery for her help and sympathetic criticism.

She begs to mention by name the artists who have given her special permission to use their copyrighted work:

Henri Crenier, Edwin Willard Deming, Abastenia St. Leger Eberle, Anna Vaughn Hyatt, Albert Laessle, Edward McCartan, Paul Manship, Frederick G. R. Roth, Harry Dickinson Thrasher, Bessie Potter Vonnoh.



# The Books that Helped the Story-Teller

ALLEN, THOMAS G.

*Cities of Belgium*

*Art and Archaeology*

January, February, and August, 1920

ATKINSON, JAMES

Translation and abridgment in prose and verse, of *The Shah Nameh*  
of the Persian Poet Firdausi

BINYON, LAURENCE

*Painting in the Far East*

BRABAZON, ELIZABETH JANE

*Tales from Spanish History*

BROWNE, EDITH A.

*Peeps at Many Lands: Spain*

BULLEY, MARGARET H.

*Ancient and Medieval Art*

CALVERT, ALBERT F.

*Granada and the Alhambra*

CAUNTER, REV. HOBART

*The Romance of History: India*

CHAUCER, GEOFFREY

*The Canterbury Tales*, a modern rendering into prose of the prologue  
and ten tales by Percy Mackaye

CLEPHAN, ROBERT COLTMAN

*The Tournament, Its Periods and Phases*

COX, CHARLES

*Canterbury, an Historical and Topographical Account of the City*



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CRIPPS-DAY, FRANCIS HENRY  
*History of the Tournament in England and in France*

CROWE, J. A., and CAVALCASELLE, G. B.  
*The Early Flemish Painters*

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*The Indian's Book*

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b. *The story of the First Mother*, adapted from Joseph Nicolai's  
*The Red Man*

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ELLIOT, FRANCES MINTO (MRS. GILBERT ELLIOT)  
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*The Memoirs of a White Elephant*

GAUTIER, THÉOPHILE  
*Cathedral of Milan* (in Singleton's Turrets, Towers, and Temples)

GRAHAM, E. MAXTONE  
*Children of France*

GREENLEE, W. M.  
*In the Shadow of the Alhambra*

GRIERSON, ELIZABETH  
*The Children's Book of English Minsters*

HAAREN, JOHN HENRY  
*Famous Men of the Middle Ages*

HAMLIN, ALFRED DWIGHT FOSTER  
*Textbook of the History of Architecture*

HEADLAND, ISAAC TAYLOR  
*The Chinese Boy and Girl*

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## *BOOKS THAT HELPED STORY-TELLER*

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HEARN, LAFCADIO

1. *Japanese Fairy Tales*
2. *Some Chinese Ghosts*
  - a. *The Soul of the Great Bell*
  - b. *The Tale of the Porcelain God*

HOWE, T. H. MANNERS

*Peeps at History: India*

IRVING, WASHINGTON

1. *Conquest of Granada*
2. *Legends of the Alhambra*

KELLY, CHARLES FABENS, and WILLIAM LUTHER MOWLL

*A Textbook of Design*

KIPLING, RUDYARD

1. *The Jungle Book*
2. *The Second Jungle Book*

KIRK, JOHN FOSTER

*History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy*

LANG, LEONORA BLANCHE (MRS. ANDREW LANG)

*The Book of Princes and Princesses; edited by Andrew Lang*

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*The Mystery of the Oriental Rug*

MARSHALL, HENRIETTA ELIZABETH

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Translated by Alexander Rogers; edited by Henry Beveridge

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MORSE, EDWARD SYLVESTER

*Glimpses of China and Chinese Homes*

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OLCOTT, FRANCES JENKINS

1. *Tales of the Persian Genii*
2. *More Tales from the Arabian Nights; based on the translation from the Arabic by Edward William Lane*

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*First Steps in the Enjoyment of Pictures*

OMOND, GEORGE W. T.  
*Peeps at Many Lands: Belgium*

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*The Order of the Golden Fleece* (from the *Scottish Historical Review*)

PITMAN, NORMAN HINSDALE  
*Chinese Fairy Stories*

PRANG EDUCATIONAL COMPANY  
*Art Education for High Schools*

PUTNAM, RUTH  
*Charles the Bold, Last Duke of Burgundy*

RUSKIN, JOHN  
*Mornings in Florence*

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*Swiss Heroes:* an Historical Romance of the Time of Charles the Bold; translated from the German of A. A. Willys by George P. Upton

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# The Path Leading into the Stories



THE Pipes of Pan are calling ever so softly, but, oh, so clearly: "Come into this Picture and follow me up the Path which leads to the Stories!" How many can hear Pan's voice, for all the world like the rustle of the wind among the trees in the wood, the songs of the full-throated birds, or the clear and joyous music of the brook rushing so merrily upon its way? Fainter grows his clear and gallant call, sweeter, though farther and farther away, the elfin music of his pipes. Quickly now, here we go right into the woods and up the Path to the shadowy spot where Pan stands with his pipes to his mouth, just as you see him outside and inside the book covers. There he is leading the Bronze Folk: the Skating Girl, the Dancing Maiden, the Panther, the Elephant, and even the pompous

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## *PAN THE PIPER*

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Turkey! Just so he stands ready to play his lilting music and to beguile us into all sorts of good times and adventures.

With him we shall not only wander into the Stories and learn how to look at all the Secrets of Beauty in their pictures, but, like the Boy in the Christmas Story, we, too, shall find Beauty in the most unexpected places. We shall not only enjoy the wonderful procession of little carved folk inside the book covers, but the whirl and motion of line in the little dancing people on the title page, and the daintiness of the Fancy Ship under the Dedication. Sometimes a little picture helps to support a big capital letter at the beginning of a story, and sometimes it stands alone at the end, making a complete and balanced pattern by itself. All of the Secrets of Beauty are ours for seeking—you will find out all about them with the Boy in the Christmas Story!

“Pan, O Pan! Just wait one moment, for we are coming!” we cry, our hearts beating very fast as we hurry along, fearful lest he vanish before we can run up the Path into the woods where he is standing calling to us with the music of his pipes. The branches of the trees sway in time to his playing, the birds sing

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## *THE PATH LEADING INTO THE STORIES*

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more happily than ever before, never have the moss and the wild flowers of the woods seemed sweeter as away we go, our feet scarcely touching the shadowed pathway, following the music of the Pipes of Pan.

“We are ready for the first story!” he cries, halting before the title page with the chubby adorable Baby laughing gleefully at the frog so close to his dimpled feet. A few more steps we take, right by the funny Butting Goats, and the Elephant who surely is strong enough to support any initial letter, and here we are, right into the first of the stories!

ANNA CURTIS CHANDLER.

NEW YORK, 1923.



# PAN'S FROLIC WITH THE BRONZE FOLK





# *Pan's Frolic with the Bronze Folk*

## *INTRODUCTION*

*O*NCE upon a time the Picture Children stepped right out of their frames, just for the living boys and girls wishing them alive. Such a frolic as they had in the Museum's dusky halls and then a grand ball downstairs in the great hall below. But it so happened that some of the Picture People passed gayly through, on their way to the rooms where they held their party, the long upstairs corridors at the right and left of the big staircase. Of course the little bronze children and animals saw them tiptoeing gayly along and heard their whispers of delight at being alive. "If only we could come to life," they sighed deep within themselves because they could not make a sound, and they could not move this way or that, however hard they tried. You know, your-

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## INTRODUCTION

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*selves, that it is not much fun to see other people having a good time and be left out, and so these little Bronze People were very sad for many days, though of course they looked no different to the Museum visitors who chanced to pass them by. But there was a little boy who stood one day gazing at the bronze figure of a little girl skimming along on just one roller skate. "I just wish that little girl could come to life," he said aloud, "for 'twould be such fun to skate with her out in the Park, she could go so fast." He wished it hard, and just then his mother called, so he did not have a chance to notice a slight movement of the little arm. But that night, just because of his wishing it so very hard, the little carved children came to life, so I have heard, and had a glorious time together. Aren't you all glad, just as I am, that we can "pretend" them back again?*



## Pan's Frolic with the Bronze Folk

**H**CAN feel my joints getting less and less stiff!" whispered the little Skating Girl to herself that night after the dear little boy who had wished her to life had gone. "Every bone is cracking and I just know I shall be able to move pretty soon. Why, I can hear the animals moving already!" Sure enough, from this side and that could be heard all sorts of strange sounds, and through the darkness could be seen the movement of shadowy forms; the long, sleek

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## PAN THE PIPER

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form of a Tiger stole stealthily by, then thump went an Elephant down from his shelf, scaring the Butting Goats so very much that they tumbled right over backward!

“I’ve just put the watchman to sleep with pleasant dreams,” came the tinkling voice of the Dancing Maiden as she floated straight up a moonbeam that came peering in the window: for these little carved folk who come to life are “Fairy Folk,” you know.

“Be careful not to wake him with all your chatter,” snarled a Tiger as he lashed the floor with his long tail.

“Wake him yourself!” trumpeted the Elephant as with his trunk he playfully knocked over the Performing Bear.

“He’s treading on my toe!” cried one of the Butting Goats, while a big Dog with long ears barked ferociously.

“Please do be a little more quiet,” begged the daintiest of Mothers as she rose from the high-backed chair where she had been sitting, holding her baby and gazing tenderly upon her two little daughters who pressed close to her side. “Babies get frightened at too much noise, you know. Little Girl in the High

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## *PAN'S FROLIC WITH THE BRONZE FOLK*

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Chair, climb down and play with Baby, while I see what is happening among the animals. You, daughters, go and call to life the Girl with the Gazelles, Pan, the Duck, the Turkey, the Boy with the Turtle, the Jaguar, and the Panther."

Peace prevailed once more and it was not long before a procession went trooping up the stairs: in the lead tripped Pan, sending out sweet strains from his pipes and dancing first on one foot and then on the other. Then came a Girl with a Gazelle on either side, and following her, flitting this way and that as light as thistle down, the dainty Dancing Maiden, while in the rear waddled the Turkey, and along the side of the procession stole the Jaguar and the Panther, taking six steps at a time.

When Pan reached the top of the grand staircase he blew upon his pipes a longer and a sweeter blast than before—once, twice! Then he cried, "All you who come in my train and are larger than the Fairy Folk up here awaiting us, change now your size that all may frolic together and play at being alive!"

Quickly then—so quickly that the Elephant had scarcely time to wink a heavy eyelid—those who had

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## PAN THE PIPER

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been larger in size grew small, just the size of the little Bronze People upstairs.

Once more the strains sounded from the pipes of Pan, and then he cried with longing in his voice, "No party can be half so nice within these halls as out under a summer sky on wind-swept hills or beneath some spreading tree on a green wood's edge close to a babbling brook! Tell me, how many feel as I?"

"You are speaking true, O Pan," replied the tender Mother, smiling. "I often long to take my babies out in the free, clear air beneath the warming sun."

"What glorious fun 'twould be!" cried the little Skating Girl, giving herself such a spinning round that only a swirl of flying skirts and hair was seen.

"Oh, hurry, Pan, and let us go!" eagerly exclaimed the Boy with the Turtle. "I just hope there'll be a brook near by!"

"Get a place big enough for me to frolic," trumpeted the Elephant. "And for us to finish our quarrel!" roared the Lions, as they chased one another into the shadows with muffled roars.

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## *PAN'S FROLIC WITH THE BRONZE FOLK*

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“And for me to tumble on the green and roll down a hillside,” chuckled the Performing Bear.

“I want a great high tree to climb!” piped the shrill voice of a tiny cub tossed high in the air by the Father Bear.

“I should like to select the place!” announced the Turkey, strutting, while the Tiger, the Panther, and the Jaguar beat the floor with their tails and growled, lazily, “We will go, too!”

“Let's leave it to Pan!” sang the Dancing Maiden. “So many fields has he crossed, so many brooks he's waded, so many mountains climbed, and so many woods enjoyed, he knows just where to lead us. So play thy pipes, O Pan; lead on and we will follow!”

Forth came the answering music, and Pan danced from the long gallery into the other dusky Museum rooms. Next came the Girl with her Gazelles, then the Dancing Maiden, while the Skating Girl flew so fast—even though just one foot rode on a roller skate—that she almost outdistanced the nimble Pan. The Elephant ambled along, the Butting Goats frolicked with the Performing Bear, and at the very end slowly waddled the Duck, followed by the strutting Turkey.

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## *PAN THE PIPER*

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They had not gone far when they heard the barking of the Dog, and alongside he dashed with flopping ears and hanging tongue; he had been exploring, and had almost missed the party.

“Here we are!” cried Pan at last as he stopped before a beautiful picture called the “Edge of the Woods.” “See how cool it looks and how green and mossy. Now then, when I have sounded three strains upon my pipes, be ready to jump over the frame into the woods. Be careful there, you Elephant, and let the lighter ones go first!”

Sweet and shrill sounded the music from the pipes of Pan, and as the last strains died away the picture grew larger, and inside the frame could be seen the swaying branches of the trees, the wind-moved grass, and the feathery moss.

Softly then the Fairy Folk jumped within. Lightly sped the Dancing Girl first, then each one followed, landing on the soft grass in the woods, all save the Elephant, who, sulky at what Pan had said, had to be urged across the frame.

“Ah-h! How fine this is!” joyously sighed the Dancing Maiden as she swayed gracefully in and out among the trees.



### ENTHRONED

Bessie Potter Vonnoh

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

*I* THINK the Mother is telling a story, and each one is listening—even the wee baby. Each one looks very real, and they are so well placed that they seem to belong together, the graceful lines fit into one another.



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## *PAN'S FROLIC WITH THE BRONZE FOLK*

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"It is just what I have been longing for!" breathed the Mother, as, with her baby in her arms and her little daughters by her side, she sat down on a gray-green mossy bank.

"You can't catch me!" shouted the Skating Girl, as, clutching her skate in one hand, she sped off toward the woods, followed swiftly by the Butting Goats and the Panther, whose long strides covered the ground so swiftly that he was soon far out of sight. "I'd like to stay here forever!"

"And I!" growled the Tiger, who was stretched full length beneath some bushes. "I'm tired of staying in a Museum for all to come and see; sometimes I feel like growling at them and even biting them when they stand admiring me!"

"I'm tired of it, too," murmured the Girl with the Gazelles. "I wish that we could stay alive and play and frolic in these woods. I'm tired of being just a beautiful statue in a Museum. Why can we not stay here and be alive, O Pan?"

For answer, Pan blew a shrill blast on his pipes and all the Fairy Folk came scampering and waited for him to speak.

"To-night you are Fairy Folk and on a Fairy

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## *PAN THE PIPER*

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party," said Pan, with wistful smile. "But should this make you all discontented with your places in the great halls where you live, then should I be sorry that the Living Boy wished you alive to-night and that I led you here. Seat yourselves upon this mossy ground and listen to the story told by a writer who well knew what lesssons we all need to learn. Frown not, O Performing Bear; it is not a sermon I am going to preach, but a Fairy Tale of Master Grimm, whom every boy and girl knows, that I am going to tell."

Then when all were ready he began:

Once upon a time there was a fisherman and his wife who lived together in a hovel by the seashore, and the fisherman went out every day with his hook and line to fish, and he fished and fished.

One day he was sitting with his rod and looking into the clear water, and he sat and sat.

At last down went the line to the bottom of the sea, and when he drew it up he found a great flounder on the hook. And the flounder said to him,

"Fisherman, listen to me. Let me go; I am not a



### AN OLD CLEARING

Alexander H. Wyant

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

**H**ERE we go over the frame and up the hillside by the side of the cool little brook, up among the trees at the top! Just the right place for the Frolic of the Bronze People and Animals, for they can run in and out among the trees or wade in the brook! I think you will like the way the trees, the brook, and the rocks are placed, the beauty of the lights and darks, and I am sure you will like the colors—the greens and the yellows—when you see the picture.



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## *PAN'S FROLIC WITH THE BRONZE FOLK*

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real fish, but an enchanted prince. What good shall I be to you if you do land me. I shall not taste well; so put me back into the water again and let me swim away."

"Well," said the fisherman, "no need of so many words about the matter; as you can speak, I had much rather let you swim away."

Then he put him back into the clear water, and the flounder sank to the bottom. Then the fisherman got up and went home to his wife in their hovel.

"Well, husband," said the wife, "have you caught nothing to-day?"

"No," said the man—"that is, I did catch a flounder, but as he said he was an enchanted prince, I let him go again."

"Then, did you wish for nothing?" asked the wife.

"No," said the man. "What should I wish for, anyway?"

"Oh dear!" said the wife, "I'm tired of living in this evil-smelling hovel. Go again and call him and tell him we want a stone castle. I dare say he will give it to us. Go, and be quick."

When the fisherman went back, the sea was green

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PAN THE PIPER

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and yellow, and not nearly so clear. So he stood and said:

“O man, O man!—if man you be,  
Or flounder, flounder, in the sea—  
Such a tiresome wife I’ve got,  
For she wants what I do not.”

Then the flounder came swimming up, and said, “Now, then, what does she want?”

“Oh,” said the man, “you know when I caught you my wife says I ought to have wished for something. She says she is tired of our ill-smelling hovel and would rather live in a stone castle.”

“Go home with you,” said the flounder; “she has it already.”

So the man went home, and there stood in the place of the hovel a great castle of stone, and his wife was standing on the steps, about to go in; so she took him by the hand and said:

“Let us enter.”

With that he went in with her, and in the castle was a great hall with a marble pavement, and there were a great many servants, who led them through large doors, and the passages were decked with tapes-

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## *PAN'S FROLIC WITH THE BRONZE FOLK*

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tries, and the rooms with golden chairs and tables, and crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling; and all the rooms had carpets. And the tables were covered with dainties for anyone who wished them. And at the back of the house was a great stable-yard for horses and cattle, and carriages of the finest; besides, there was a splendid large garden with the most beautiful flowers and fine fruit trees, and a park full half a mile long, with deer and oxen and sheep, and everything that heart could wish for.

“There!” said the wife, “is not this beautiful?”

“Oh yes,” said the man. “If it will only last, we can live in this fine castle and be very well contented.”

“We will see about that,” said the wife. “In the meanwhile we will sleep upon it.” With that they went to bed.

The next morning the wife was awake first, just at the break of day, and she looked out and saw from her bed the beautiful country lying all around. The man took no notice of it, so she poked him in the side with her elbow, and said:

“Husband, get up and just look out of the window.

Look! Just think if we could be king over all this country. Just go to your fish and tell him we should like to be king."

"Now, wife," said the man, "what should we be kings for? I don't want to be king."

"Well," said the wife, "if you don't want to be king, I will be king."

"Now, wife," said the man, "what do you want to be king for? I could not ask him such a thing."

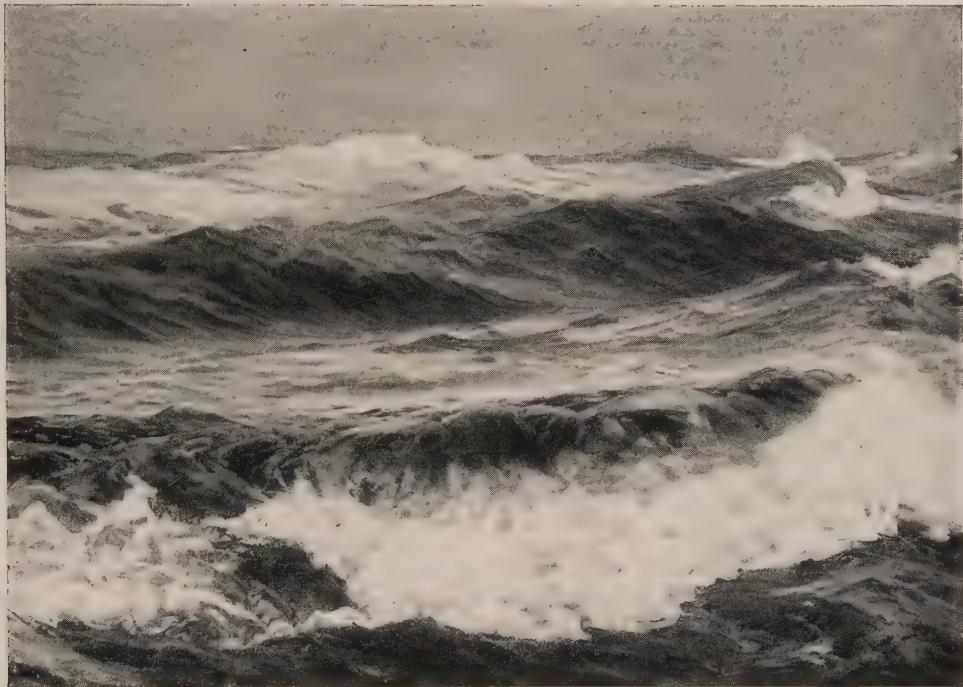
"Why not?" said the wife. "You must go directly all the same; I must be king."

So the man went, very much put out that his wife should want to be king.

"It is not the right thing to do—not at all the right thing to do," thought the man. He did not at all want to go, and yet he went all the same.

And when he came to the sea the water was quite dark gray, and rushed far inland, and had an ill smell. And he stood and said:

"O man, O man!—if man you be,  
Or flounder, flounder, in the sea—  
Such a tiresome wife I've got,  
For she wants what I do not."



## ROARING FORTIES

Frederick J. Waugh

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

**T**HOSE of you who have been down by the sea will remember how the waves come rolling in, some bigger than the others, and many of them foam-capped. A painter of the sea has to think as much about the filling of space, the form—this time of waves—of light and dark, of color, in fact of all the Secrets of Beauty, as do the painters of people, animals or trees. A painter of the sea has to make his color reveal the depth of the water, too.



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## *PAN'S FROLIC WITH THE BRONZE FOLK*

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"Now, then, what does she want?" said the fish.

"Oh dear!" said the man, "she wants to be king."

"Go home with you; she is so already," said the fish.

So the man went back, and as he came to the castle he saw it was very much larger, and had great towers and splendid gateways; the herald stood before the door, and a number of soldiers with kettledrums and trumpets.

And when he went inside everything was of marble and gold, and there were many curtains with great golden tassels. Then he went through to where the great throne room was, and there was his wife sitting upon a throne of gold and diamonds, and she had a great golden crown on, and the scepter in her hand was of pure gold and jewels, and on each side stood six pages in a row, each one a head shorter than the other. So the man went up to her and said:

"Well, wife, so now you are king!"

"Yes," said the wife, "now I am king."

So then he stood and looked at her, and when he had gazed at her for some time he said,

"Well, wife, this is fine for you to be king! Now there is nothing more to wish for."

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PAN THE PIPER

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“Oh, husband!” said the wife, seeming quite restless. “I am tired of this already. Go to your fish and tell him that, now I am king, I must be pope.”

“Now, wife,” said the man, “what do you want to be pope for? What is it that you don’t want? You can never become pope; there is but one pope in Christendom, and the fish can’t possibly do it.”

“Husband,” said she, “no more words about it; I must and will be pope; so go along to the fish.”

“Now, wife,” said the man, “how can I ask him such a thing? It is too bad—it is asking a little too much; and, besides, he could not do it.”

“What rubbish!” said the wife. “If he could make me king he can make me pope. Go along and ask him. Remember, I am king and you are only my husband, so go you must.”

So away he went, feeling very frightened, and he shivered and shook and his knees trembled; for a great wind arose on the land, the clouds flew across the sky, and it grew as dark as night. The leaves fell from the trees, and the water foamed and dashed upon the shore. In the distance the ships were being tossed to and fro on the waves, and he heard them firing signals of distress. There was still a little patch



### THE NORTHEASTER

Winslow Homer

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

**T**HREE is no doubt that a storm is coming; you know it—even without the color—by the dark and threatening sky, the wind-lashed sea, the surf thundering against the rocks. No wonder the fisherman's knees trembled, and his voice stuck in his throat! The American artist who painted this picture loved the sea in all its different moods, happy and calm or angry and rough, and he studied it all his life.



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## *PAN'S FROLIC WITH THE BRONZE FOLK*

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of blue in the sky among the dark clouds, but toward the south they were red and heavy, as in a bad storm.

And he felt very desponding, and stood trembling and said:

“O man, O man!—if man you be,  
Or flounder, flounder, in the sea—  
Such a tiresome wife I've got,  
For she wants what I do not.”

“Well, what now?” said the fish.

“Oh dear!” said the man, “she wants to be pope.”

“Go home with you; she is pope already,” said the fish.

So he went home, and found himself before a great church, with palaces all around. He had to make his way through a crowd of people; and when he got inside he found the place lighted up with thousands and thousands of lights; and his wife was clothed in a golden garment, and sat upon a very high throne, and had three golden crowns on, all in the greatest priestly pomp; and on both sides of her there stood two rows of candles of all sizes—the biggest as thick as a tower, down to the tiniest little taper. Kings and emperors were on their knees before her, kissing her shoe.

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PAN THE PIPER

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“Well, wife,” said the man, and stood and stared at her, “so you are pope.”

“Yes,” said she, “now I am pope!”

And he went on gazing at her till he felt dazzled, as if he were sitting in the sun. And after a little time he said:

“Well, now, wife, what is there left to be, now you are pope?”

And she sat very stiff and straight, and answered never a word.

And he said again, “Well, wife, I hope you are contented at last with being pope; you can be nothing more.”

“We will see about that,” said the wife. With that they both went to bed; but she was as far as ever from being contented, and she could not get to sleep for thinking of what she should like to be next.

The husband, however, slept as fast as a top after his busy day; but the wife tossed and turned from side to side the whole night through, thinking all the while what she could be next, but never a thought would occur to her; and when she saw the red dawn she slipped off the bed and sat before the

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## *PAN'S FROLIC WITH THE BRONZE FOLK*

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windows to see the sun rise, and as it came up she said:

“Ah, I have it! What if I should make the sun and moon to rise! Husband!” she cried, and stuck her elbow in his ribs, “wake up and go to your fish, and tell him I want power over the sun and moon.”

The man was so fast asleep that when he started up he fell out of bed. Then he shook himself together and opened his eyes and said:

“Oh, wife, what did you say?”

“Husband,” said she, “if I cannot get the power of making the sun and moon rise when I want them, I shall never have another quiet hour. Go to the fish and tell him so.”

“Oh, wife!” said the man, and fell on his knees to her, “the fish can really not do that for you. I grant you he could make you emperor and pope; do be contented with that, I beg of you.”

And she became wild with impatience, and screamed out, “I can wait no longer; go at once!”

So off he went as well as he could for fright. And a dreadful storm arose, so that he could hardly keep his feet; and the houses and trees were blown

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*PAN THE PIPER*

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down, and the mountains trembled, and rocks fell in the sea; the sky was quite black, and it thundered and lightened; and the waves, crowned with foam, ran mountains high. So he cried out, without being able to hear his own words:

“O man, O man!—if man you be,  
Or flounder, flounder, in the sea—  
Such a tiresome wife I’ve got,  
For she wants what I do not.”

“Well, what now?” said the flounder.

“Oh dear!” said the man, she wants to order about the sun and moon.”

“Go home with you,” said the flounder; “you will find her in the old hovel.”

And there they are sitting to this very day.

When Pan ceased speaking, there was silence for a moment, until suddenly the Dog barked out:

“I don’t mind going back to my place in the Museum where people may see me as they pass.  
“Nor I! Nor I!” came the other voices.

“Maybe we, as we stand in our places within the great halls, will bring joy and happiness to the living

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## *PAN'S FROLIC WITH THE BRONZE FOLK*

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boys and girls and ‘grown-ups,’ ” murmured the smiling Mother, as she held her baby close.

“Now that you are content once more,” said Pan, smiling happily, “play and frolic together in these woods, until you shall hear the music of my pipes, when back we go unto our places until some other boy or girl will wish us into Fairy Folk once more, when we can live and frolic as we may to-night!”





# A CHRISTMAS GIFT





# *A Christmas Gift*

## *INTRODUCTION*

*I* WONDER how many boys and girls—not only in New York City, but all over the world—have been shouting lately: “Hooray! It’s nearly Christmas!” To some of us it means going out into the country, maybe to Grandmother’s, where we can take our sleds that can hardly find a place to go in the city streets, and go coasting down icy, crusty hillsides, with the sweep of the wind helping us along, and the sting of it on our faces, and the feel of it laughing around our ears and playfully blowing our hair. Then, when we are all red of cheek and full of life and the fun of living, we stand for a moment and drink in the beauty of the out-of-doors—the soft piles of snow and the dazzling, jewel-like coatings of ice upon the branches of the great oaks and maples, and the evergreen spruce and pine and fir, with the icicle patterns catching the sunlight and sparkling like thousands

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## INTRODUCTION

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*of tiny rainbows; the bushes bent over with the delicate, soft snowflakes till they look like the homes of Snow Fairies that must have come down from the clouds riding daintily upon the petals of the snow-flowers. There is the red chimney peeping up above the sloping roof, and coming from it the most beautiful curling, curving, winding smoke, all pearly gray in the sunlight, as it trails off toward the far-away hills that look a grayish purple-blue as they rest so peacefully against the clear, dark blue of the sky, or the hazy clouds which are beginning to gather and which may mean—and we hope it does—a regular blizzard to-morrow!*

*To some of us it means a city Christmas, but in the windows there are wreaths all tied with red bows, and—although there aren't real Christmas evergreen trees growing out-of-doors—we have them right inside, with candles on and gold and silver stars; or perhaps we hang up our stockings just as Father and Mother used to do, and Santa Claus comes in the night just as well in the city as in the country and helps fill them to the very toe! It may be we go to church in the evening, and sing our praises with the rest and listen to the music of the*

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## INTRODUCTION

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*Christmas carols echoing and re-echoing in among the arches and even reaching up into the lofty dome.*

There are others of us—many of us—to whom Christmas means no gifts, no happy times with relatives and friends, but the same sort of day as other days, save the rare treat in the evening of going out to see, in the churchyard or park, the giant Christmas tree, its top rising high up into the air and seeming to point farther up than the tops of the many-storied buildings, the golden star on its highest branch reaching up to the silver stars in the evening sky. Suddenly we hear the chorus of many voices singing together the Christmas hymns and ballads, and the whole tree shimmers with its festoons of star-lights, and sends through us little shivers of delight at the beauty of it all.

There are those of us, alas! who have not even this, not because we are poor in wealth—for even the poorest of us can enjoy the singing and the big, star-lighted trees which are for all, and many of the poorest in dollars and cents are the richest in the spirit of happiness—but because of sickness and sorrow which have come to us ourselves or to those who mean the most to us.

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## *INTRODUCTION*

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*But all of us—no matter how or where we live—can understand the Spirit of Christmas time, bidding us be happy and to bear good will to everyone. I thought that to-day—being so very near Christmas time—we would let the Spirit of Christmas show us one way of finding happiness; and then, maybe, if we do find out, we can show others; and it's surely worth while to discover such a secret, isn't it? For I'm very certain that all of us would like to discover all the ways we can to be happy, for it's so much better fun!*



## A Christmas Gift



SLEEP on, O children of the city,  
On this glorious Christmas Eve;  
But in your dreams on bright moonbeams  
All those may go who want to know  
    Where Beauty lies.

“In summer skies, in shadowed woods,  
On the rainbow-colored seas;  
On wind-swept hills, by murmuring rills,  
In city crowds or patterned clouds—  
    There Beauty is.

“In shimmering silks or velvet’s sheen;  
On a frost-carved windowpane.  
In all design, whether large or fine,  
On rug or lace or sword or vase—  
    There Beauty lies.

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## *PAN THE PIPER*

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“In the curl of smoke, or a full white sail;  
On a snow-crowned mountain top;  
In the sun-warmed sand or a baby’s hand—  
In Day and Night and Shade and Light  
Is Beauty.

“So join me, children, and we’ll search  
For Beauty and for Joy.  
We’ll use our eyes and, lo! Beauty lies  
Near and far and all around; above, below, and on the  
ground—  
“We’ll find Beauty!”

Thus sang the Fairies of Good Will and Happiness as they flew up and down and across the city, causing all the boys and girls who still believed in the Spirit of Christmas—especially those whose lives would be made happier by what the Fairies were going to help them to see—dream happy dreams.

The moonlight shone in the windows—at least as much as it ever does shine into the crowded city homes—and the boys and girls smiled as the Fairies appeared before them. Then swiftly and softly, so softly that no others in the great houses heard, all bright and shining like the two Fairies themselves, they floated right out on the moonbeams into the December night. They were not cold, but seemed



IN THE GARDEN  
George De Forest Brush  
Courtesy of The  
Metropolitan Museum  
of Art

*Just see how the lines of  
the drapery fit into one  
another, and how very  
real the mother and her  
children look!*



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## *A CHRISTMAS GIFT*

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to be a part of the night itself, and if anyone had looked up as they sped along they would have said, "How bright are the stars, most of all those that seem to be following the two bigger and brighter ones on ahead!"

"How many of you like a secret?" asked Happiness of all the little moonbeam boys and girls.

"I do!" they all cried together, with one voice, so mingling with the rushing of the wind that whoever might have been listening on the earth would have thought it just a louder winter blast.

"Hear then," she answered, smiling. "One of the Secrets of Happiness which not only goes to make up the Spirit of Christmas, but is for all times; it is the knowing how to see Beauty. Some of us do know, but many of us have never learned how, so we will learn how to see it to-night and it will be just as exciting a game as Hunting for Hidden Treasure!"

"The very best place to go and the easiest to reveal the Secret will be the great Museum of Art, for we can find many kinds of Beauty there."

With that they flew right above the Park where the ground and trees were so white with snow that the children almost believed they were in the coun-

try, where they often longed to be. "Quickly, now, right through the windows," exclaimed both Fairies together, and at once the moonbeams shone upon the great building until it was all alight from roof to street, and straight in through the windows, on the moonbeams, glided the tiny boys and girls, making each great gallery and long corridor almost as bright as noonday.

"Follow us!" gayly called Good Will and Happiness, and the many children danced along behind them until they came to the very front of the building.

"There are many treasures and secrets connected with Beauty," smiled Happiness as they stood in front of a statue of a graceful dancing woman called "Bacchante," holding a little baby on one arm and a bunch of grapes high up in the air with her other hand. "This bronze dancing lady was made by the mind and hands of an American sculptor who has learned all these secrets: how to see Beauty with his eyes, and, having seen it, how to feel it and express it with his fingers so that others may see and enjoy."

What fun they had, each one standing on a tiny foot and trying to keep a balance as the statue did.



### THE WAVE

Hokusai

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

*HERE is the Japanese Wave with its line sweeping up to the crest, where it breaks and forms a snowy pattern. I know you will like the deep sea color and the motion of the line in the curve of the wave, making for Rhythm, one of our Secrets of Beauty.*



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## *A CHRISTMAS GIFT*

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“Just look at all the Rhythm or Motion in this figure,” said Good Will. “Follow with your eyes—for even fairy hands might harm—the movement of the line from the hand on one side to the tips of the toes on the other. It’s not a bit like the carved pictures the Egyptians made and which you can see right over yonder, for everything is Balanced there, giving the feeling of Rest rather than of Motion, and Symmetrical, since both sides of the figures are alike. Dig for your Hidden Treasure now, and let’s see how long it will be before you can find something else that speaks of Rhythm, one of the Secrets of Beauty for which we are seeking!”

Such a rustling and a whispering as there was in the halls, and such a sound of tinkling laughter, though if anyone had been passing through he would have seen only the brightness of the moonbeams and the starlight—quite unusually bright—even for a Christmas Eve! And he would have heard only the softest and sweetest of music, thinking it must be the far-away strains of Christmas carols or the singing of the Stars!

“I have found it!” came the sound of a little voice upstairs, and from away off in another part of the

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PAN THE PIPER

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building, so very faint that it almost seemed an echo, could be heard, "I've found the most *beautiful* pattern of lines and colors!"

The moonbeams followed along until they came to a painting of greens and browns and just a bit of red, which goes so well with green, in contrast.

"Why, it's just a picture of a real mother with her baby and little boy!" exclaimed a surprised little girl who had fancied that Beauty belonged only to what was a little different from the "everyday" things they could see all around them. "I've often seen mother stand on Third Avenue in front of our stoop with brother and sister in just this way, only 'course they didn't wear long robes like these nor just the same colors, but they were as pretty and baby's hair was just as yellow!"

Good Will and Happiness clapped their hands in delight. "You've stumbled right on to another secret! You can find Beauty in everyday things—your mother, your baby brother, the colors in the clothes they wear, and the way they look together. We shall call forth the Color Fairies before you go, but first let's look at the Rhythm the boy has found, no doubt just as beautiful as the color patterns which



HARP OF THE WINDS:  
A VIEW ON THE SEINE

Homer D. Martin

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

*If you look first at the rocks and the trees on the left, the little village with the old houses and the church spire will lead you to the delicate trees a bit to the right of the center, just where Mr. Martin wanted you to look. You will like the repetition—also making for Rhythm—of the harplike trees and their reflection in the water.*



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## *A CHRISTMAS GIFT*

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this American painter has brought together here, and the pattern of the lines which all fit into one another."

Way over in the Japanese print room they found the boy, one finger pointing excitedly at the picture of Hokusai's Wave. "See!" he cried out. "It's just like the real ocean I saw last summer when we went across on the ferry on a windy day, only I didn't think then what a beautiful pattern waves make when they turn over and spill out all their foam!"

"O-o-h! We can almost feel the spray!" the other children declared, some of them holding out their little hands as if they could catch the drops that were falling from the lacy patterns of the foam. "I could look all day at the top of the wave where it's breaking," sang a little pale girl whom the great salt sea would do so much good. "The wonderful blue-green colors!" whispered the others.

"Behold!" cried the Fairies, then; and in a flash, at the holding up of their wands, the Blues and Greens and the snowy White took form and life and danced up and down in the silver light, joined by many others. There were the emerald Green and the rich red Brown they had liked so well in the

picture of the mother with her babies; such glorious Yellow and Orange and delicate Violet and Gray. Such beautiful Color Harmonies they made as they flitted this way and that and up and down in the white moonlight. Now six of them in their various colored, shimmering robes stood forth in a row, each color merging into the next—Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, and Violet—until there arose from the throats of the many boys and girls, “They’re making a rainbow!” Some just shook their little heads. “We’ve never seen a *real* rainbow ‘cause the housetops go up so high, but we can remember this and maybe some day see one in the sky!”

Fairy Happiness held up her hand, and three Color Fairies—in the clearest of Red and Yellow and Blue—stepped forward, right into the strongest starlight and the brightest moonlight. “We are the Pure Colors,” they curtsied, “and you will find us everywhere, for everything in the world has color of some kind. From us other colors are made. Watch closely!”

There was a whirling of skirts and draperies; the Blue Fairy and the Yellow whirled around many times, their draperies mingling, until when they

CONNIE GILCHRIST



CONNIE GILCHRIST  
J. A. M. Whistler  
Courtesy of The  
Metropolitan Museum  
of Art

*The Christmas children discovered that this picture of the Girl Jumping Rope was all in different tones of one color.*



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## *A CHRISTMAS GIFT*

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stopped and stood with arms closely entwined it seemed to the moonbeam children that a Fairy all in Green stood before them next to the one in Red, who held out her hand and said, "This is my Complement; you see how well we look together!" The music of their laughter was heard again, Red Fairy and Blue spun around, and, behold! there stood a Fairy all in Purple who made the Yellow seem all the more beautiful. Then the Yellow Fairy whirled around with the Red until there came forth one in the warmest Orange who looked so well beside the cool Blue.

As they skipped and danced in and out, they chanted:

"Color here and color there—  
Color around us everywhere;  
From Yellow, Red, and Blue—three colors that are true—  
Grow Orange, Green, and Violet, and more Hues of us  
than you've seen yet!

And

When the rainbow spans the brightening sky  
Six colors are shining there on high:  
Green, Blue, and Violet—the coolest colors that you've  
met;  
Orange, Yellow, Red—warm as the light of the sun that's  
said

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*PAN THE PIPER*

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To hold us all!

So

Watch for us and search for us  
In picture and rug and jar.

Hunt for us, look for us  
In and out and near and far.  
For we are Color Rhythm, cool, or warm and light;  
Sometimes dimmed with a little Gray, but often gleaming  
bright!"

And behold! The Blues and Greens went skipping back into Hokusai's Wave, and the other colors into their pictures, vases, and rugs. "You can find us not only here, but at home, in the parks and the streets!" came back faintly as they took their places in the color patterns and harmonies.

"We are ready now—all of us—to hunt for other Hidden Treasures of Beauty," called Good Will and Happiness: "Rhythm or beautiful movement of line and color; Balance, or rest in line so that there is just as much quiet on one side of the figure as on the other; Color in all its purity, its tones, and its patterns; and Light and Dark. There are other Secrets of Beauty, too, but if we can learn to find these, the others we can have for the asking. Hurry now, because before the Dawn comes, and the Sun, which

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## A CHRISTMAS GIFT

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contains all the bright colors, carrying them to the grass, the flowers, and the trees, we must capture our moonbeams and be wafted home in time to be up to greet Christmas morning!"

Such a hurrying and dancing as there was—this way and that—of the moonbeams and the tiny boys and girls; first the silver light of the moon would light up this picture or that; the Chinese porcelains with their wonderful color harmonies for all the world like music; the Roman glass with the rainbow



JAPANESE BROCADE  
OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

*This beautiful Japanese brocade shows rhythm or motion in the lines of the patterns—the birds, the clouds, and the flowers.*

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*PAN THE PIPER*

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colors; the old oak chests with their patterns so carved that they belonged to the spaces they had to decorate, and full of rhythm and dignity. They exclaimed over the warm, rich colors in the Persian and Indian rugs, tripping hand in hand among the trees and flowers and down the garden walks lighted by the moonbeams.

“Why, here’s a picture all painted in the same color, only some parts are light and some are ‘middle’ colors, and some are dark—just like the Three Bears!” chuckled the yellow-haired boy, “but it’s mostly all in Brown.”

“It’s like the tones in music,” suggested Happiness, who stood behind him, “and it fairly seems to sing, just as all of Mr. Whistler’s pictures do. This one shows a girl jumping rope, so —”

“Action, Rhythm—and not Balance!” cried the moonbeam boys and girls, delighted that they could see and understand those Secrets of Beauty, humming:

“Sing, Colors, Sing!  
Ring, Music, Ring!  
Light Brown, Golden Brown, Dark Brown, too! Browns  
of many a tone and hue!

Rhythm in Color and Rhythm in Line—  
Here in this picture we see combine!”



### EVENING AT MEDFIELD

George Inness

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

*I*f you could only see this in color, you would enjoy the sunset sky in the autumn. You can see that Mr. Inness has so arranged the Pattern of his picture that you can follow the man trudging along the darkening ground in front to the little cottage tucked in among the trees at the left, and then across the hills in the background to the great bare tree with its branches stretching up into the sky filled with the colors of the afterglow. Here we have Beauty of Space-filling.



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## *A CHRISTMAS GIFT*

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So many secrets did they find and so many more did they want to find, that the Fairies Good Will and Happiness had to hurry them along, for already the starlight and the moonlight were not quite so bright as before.

“We must look longest at a Christmas picture, since it is Christmas Eve,” smiled Happiness. “Look now at what one of our American artists has made us see for a ‘December Night.’ ”

The moonlight fell upon the picture, showing the star-sprinkled sky, the snow-covered hill leading to the little house in the distance, and in the foreground, rising from the snow-laden earth, the evergreen trees.

“It was Christmas Eve,” began Good Will, “and for three days the snow had been falling, until it had tucked in the little house on the hill almost up to its windows, and had covered the shrubs and bushes in the woods and folded its downy white coverlet over the flowers so that they might sleep, and over the roots of the trees. Even the branches of the little spruce and pine trees that peeped out of the edges of the wood and nodded often toward the still, little house on the hill, were white.

“The soft flakes had grown bigger and came less and less close together that afternoon, until, just as the day was nearly drawing to its close, they stopped floating down altogether, and a rather cold sun showed his head for a little while, leaving a faint pink in the western sky as he settled himself to rest.

“By the window of the little house—the one that looked down the hill toward the woods—sat the whitest and unhappiest-looking little boy. He rested his head heavily upon his hand, and as I hovered near—quite invisible to him—I could hear him sigh right from the depths of his weary little heart. ‘Oh dear!’ he sighed, and then again: ‘Oh dear! If only I could run about and play and slide downhill like other boys. The days are so long with no one here but Grandmother and old Bill, and nothing to see inside but the same old chairs and stove and old rag rugs; and nothing outside but just snow and snow and more snow, and those same old trees at the entrance to the wood. I wish I could see and hear something new!’ And once more he sighed and put his thin white hands wearily behind his head. My sister Happiness and I, who are always near to boys



### A DECEMBER NIGHT

W. A. Coffin

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

**H**ERE is the Christmas picture with the star-sprinkled sky and the little snow-wrapped house.—On Christmas Eve, you'll remember, the Boy was taken down the hill to the trees that fringed the wood. There it was that he saw the beauty of the snowflake dance, the swaying trees with their strange patterns on the white ground, and the Christmas stars.



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## *A CHRISTMAS GIFT*

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and girls, especially on Christmas Eve, right then and there decided that we would make him happy and show and tell him something new, especially when he whispered with his face close against the frosty windowpane: ‘And it’s Christmas to-morrow and I just know there’ll be no tree nor stockings by the chimney place; not even any gifts, for Grandmother could not get out, nor even Bill, and no sleigh nor reindeer team could ever get here in these drifts.’

“Purple-blue grew the sky, and the stars gleamed—always brighter on a Christmas Eve—and in the evening light the snow took a purple hue as if the violets were peeping through, and the trees at the entrance of the wood were dark green, looking almost black as the darkness gathered. Grandmother nodded by the fire, sorry in her heart for the boy, who could only walk upon his crutches, and sorry that she had no way of making a Christmas for him. Old Bill slumbered audibly in his chair by the kitchen fire, and the boy peered out into the night.

“Softly the Wind shook the tiny windowpanes, and the boy, looking out, saw Sister and me all shining in the starlight. ‘Come,’ we beckoned, and the boy, his big eyes growing dark with excitement, allowed

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## *PAN THE PIPER*

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himself to be wrapped ever so gently in Grandmother's patchwork quilt and taken out-of-doors where the strong arms of the Wind—sometimes boisterous, it is true, but often as gentle as the tenderest of mothers—held him. Down the snowy hill-side we blew, much more quickly than if we were coasting on sleds, until, rosy and out of breath, we stopped near the trees at the foot of the hill and close to the wood.

“‘Come,’ whispered a graceful Spruce as she swayed down toward the boy and held her branches over him to shield him from the winter air. ‘We will help keep thee warm,’ murmured the many snowflakes on the ground, as they lightly floated over him, wafted by the kindly Wind; while beneath the snow the boy could feel gentle movements and he thought he could smell the violets.

“‘It is Christmas Eve!’ whispered the Wind, and, ‘It is Christmas Eve!’ sang the Trees, while all the Snowflake Fairies danced and whirled in soft white clouds among the trees, some of them even catching the highest branches.”

“‘Hear the church bells ring!’ we cried,” said Happiness, taking her turn at the story. ‘And listen

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## *A CHRISTMAS GIFT*

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to the music of the Stars, for they rejoice that it is Christmas Eve and are singing their praises just as the people here on the earth and the Angels above. At this glorious time of Love and Joy we want all to be happy, boy, so, though thou canst not slide and skate nor have gifts this year, yet thou canst see new things as thou didst wish, and thou canst find Beauty where thou hast seen it not. Look around thee now!' And the boy looked and learned how to see with those great brown eyes of his which had not known how to see or enjoy but very few of the wonderful Secrets of Beauty. He saw the moonlight brighten the frost and snow covered green of the spruce and pine, and he saw the shadows of the branches making strange patterns on the white ground. He looked with all his eager little eyes at the dance of the Wind and the Flakes of Snow, more graceful and more beautiful than any ballroom dance could be.

“ ‘See the Glory of the Stars,’ sang the Wind, and the topmost branches of the trees lifted skyward, and the lowest branches tried to see, while the boy peeped up through the spaces between the white-frosted boughs straight up at the Christmas Star which glowed in the east.

“ ‘In the cities the great churches are crowded,’ murmured the Wind, ‘but nowhere is there a temple any more beautiful than this, nor one with so high a dome, but the city folk as well as those of us who dwell in the open can see the same Sky and Stars and Moon.’

“ ‘To-morrow—Christmas morning—when thou dost waken,’ we said to the boy as we placed him safely back in his soft bed-chair by the smoldering fire on the hearth, ‘remember to look for Beauty inside as well as out, and the seeing of Beauty will bring thee Happiness.’

“Christmas morning awoke clear and crisp and cold; old Bill put some extra logs on the fire, and when the boy opened his eyes he thought at once of what we had said, and he just raised up his head and hunted and hunted for Beauty. First he looked out-of-doors. ‘The snow sparkles even more in the sunlight than it did last night in the moonlight,’ he said to himself. ‘Merry Christmas!’ he cried as Grandmother came into the room, dreading that her boy would find a sad Christmas morning. ‘See!’ he exclaimed again, with more light in his eyes than there had been for many days past—‘see the frost pattern



THE SILENT DAWN

W. L. Palmer

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

**Y**OU can almost feel the stillness and the coldness of the deep woods. Perhaps we are looking at the very spruce which swayed down toward the Boy and held her branches over him to keep him warm. Soon there will be a flurry of snowflakes through the air, wafted by the Wind. It's a regular Christmas picture!



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## *A CHRISTMAS GIFT*

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on the window! There are flowers in it, and leaves, and I know it was done by the Frost just for us; and, oh, Grandmother, look there by the door! There's one of the evergreen trees I saw last night, the very one that kept me warm under its branches, and I'm sure the good Wind brought it here for a Christmas tree, and the Snow Fairies have stayed right on the boughs!"

"Grandmother smiled at his fancy, but she began to sing in a soft high voice a bit of a Christmas carol, as she and Bill set up the tree—the little evergreen tree that had so willingly left its place on the edge of the wood to bring Beauty and Happiness and Christmas Cheer to the little house on the hill. What fun they had decorating it with bits of colored paper—red and green, yellow and purple, blue and orange, until, with the white of the corn which old Bill popped, there were Color Harmonies and patterns on the tree.

"I never knew Colors were so beautiful before," confided the boy to Grandma as they later sat in front of the fire and the gayly decorated little evergreen tree. "Why, there's lots of Beauty in that plate of shiny red apples!"

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*PAN THE PIPER*

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“ ‘Of course there is,’ twinkled Grandmother, nodding her head, ‘and right here in all the color patterns on the patchwork quilt I’m making!’

“What fun it was, then, to help place the colors together; the pure colors next to their complements, and then sometimes all the different shades they could find of one color.

“It’s been a wonderful Christmas day, and I’m always going to hunt for the Secrets of Beauty, Grandma!”

“Grandma smiled such an understanding smile, and listened so tenderly to what Sister and I taught the boy on Christmas Eve, and he remembered and repeated that Christmas night:

“ ‘Soft flakes of snow upon the ground;  
Fluttering, clustering stars of white;  
Twinkling lights in the purple sky  
Letting fall their brilliant light  
On the wind-tossed spruce and pine  
Branches heaped with the white  
Of ice and snow in lace design.  
Golden paths from out the windows  
Of the home on the snow-heaped hill;  
Welcoming the Spirit of Christmas—  
Love, Beauty, and Good Will!’



AN AMERICAN CHEST OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY  
Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

*THIS old oak chest of drawers shows rhythm by the repetition of the patterns, and also balance.*



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## *A CHRISTMAS GIFT*

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“Then Grandma placed a candle in the window, that its golden light might shine out in a path upon the snow, and as she and the boy looked up at the stars she said, ‘Peace, good will to men!’ ”

“We must hasten,” exclaimed the Fairy Sisters then, “for already Christmas dawn is near. Mount your moonbeams, children, and we will take you to your homes; remember to look for Beauty everywhere, and whenever on Christmas Eve you dream happy dreams, know that Good Will and Love, Beauty and Happiness are hovering near!”



THE TOURNAMENT  
OF A  
DUKE OF BURGUNDY





# *The Tournament of a Duke of Burgundy*

## *INTRODUCTION*

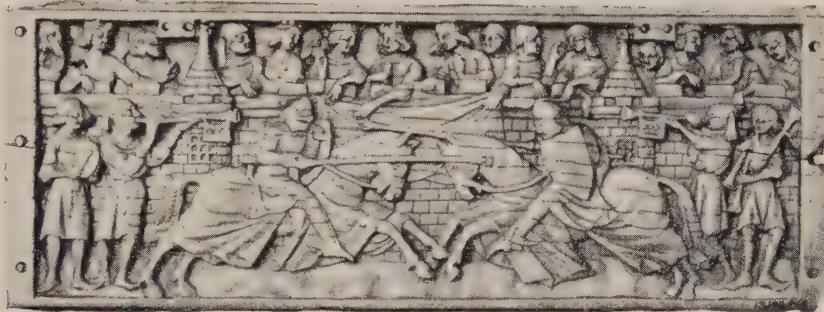
MANY years ago the city of Bruges, in Belgium, was a rich and prosperous town, where lived the merchant princes of Burgundy, who were really French princes. Strong walls it had, and gorgeous palaces, and richer and richer it grew; ships came sailing from the sea through the broad channels, with goods from far-away lands; splendid markets there were, and the people became famous for the weaving of fine tapestries. Great builders arose who made the city beautiful with churches and public buildings, and to the court of the Burgundian Dukes, as the rulers of the Duchy of Burgundy were called, came famous painters who made those pictures which tell us to-day something about the splendor of their times. Among them was the great

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## INTRODUCTION

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painter Memlinc. We are taking a trip to Bruges in the time of Charles the Bold, a powerful Burgundian prince, whose descendant was the great emperor, Charles the Fifth, and the very especial event, the festival we are going to witness, is the pageant held in the year 1468, when a Princess of England, Margaret of York, married this very ambitious Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold. So let us get into a festive spirit so that we may enjoy all the great spectacles, especially the far-famed Tournament of the Golden Tree held in the market place of Bruges —a tournament in which many valiant knights contended.



## The Tournament of a Duke of Burgundy



T is at length finished," sighed the painter, Hans Memlinc, in his studio at Bruges, as he stood back from his easel, gazing intently at the altarpiece upon which he had been working so very eagerly. It had been ordered by Sir John Donne of England, who had arrived in Bruges with his lady, his little daughter, and his two boys to witness the wonderful celebrations in honor of the marriage of Margaret of York and Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. "How like a tender mother is the Blessed Virgin! The soft landscape behind only makes her the more beautiful. I trust Sir John, your father, will be pleased," and the painter turned to

smile at the three children in the room as he began to clean his brushes.

"That he will," answered the bigger of the two boys, who had gone to the studio with their smaller sister, Elisabeth, that her likeness in the beautiful altarpiece might be finished. "I think it is the nicest holy picture I have ever seen. I like the Holy Child reaching out for the apple which the smiling Angel is holding, and all the beautiful deep colors in the rich cloth behind the Holy Mother; and I like the swans and the watermill in the background."

"Sister Elisabeth and mother and father look just as real as can be, too," chirped the younger boy, Griffith. "Don't you wish you had been painted in the picture, Edward?" he asked his older brother.

"Not I," answered Master Edward in rather a superior manner. "I have quite enough to do as it is, for is not to-morrow the day of the great procession of our Lady Margaret and the magnificent Tournament of the Golden Tree, and"—impressively—"after that the big banquet in the palace? I rather well know you are both wishing you could be at that banquet, but you see I am older than you and, besides, I'm a page of the Lady Margaret!"

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## THE TOURNAMENT OF A DUKE

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The importance of his tone fairly wilted his younger brother and even younger sister, and they gazed at him with that look of adoration which



MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS

Hans Memlinc

From the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, Chatsworth, England

*Here is the very picture Hans Memlinc was working on at the begining of our story, when he made his wager with Master Edward. You can see Sir John Donne kneeling at the left, and Lady Donne with little Elisabeth kneeling at right. Maybe you will think the way the columns and people are arranged is rather stiff and balanced; but I know you will like the way the angel on the left is playing with the Holy Child, who is made to seem like a real baby, even if the anatomy of the little body isn't just right. Here, too, is a delightful little landscape in the background.*

pleased him so very much. Even the painter, Memlinc, ceased from his work a moment, and looked around at the three children with a twinkle in his

eye. “That pride surely needs a fall,” he muttered to himself.

“Do you like a game of wagers?” he smilingly asked the boasting Edward.

“That I do!” Edward eagerly replied. “All knights do.”

“Well, then,” continued Hans Memlinc, “I will wager that Master Griffith and little Elisabeth shall appear at the banquet in a way which will call forth the attention of the Lady Margaret herself!”

“Oh, you are pleased to jest,” laughed Edward, “but I will take your wager as any true knight would. If what you say comes true—and I most surely know it cannot—I will give you this ring of mine you have admired; if not, you, Sir Artist, shall paint me a picture! And I am already planning to inclose it in a beautiful frame, for Elisabeth and Griffith are too small to attend the banquet! ‘No children are permitted!’ I heard father say.”

“We shall see what we shall see,” smiled the painter, as he carefully covered his newly finished picture. “It is time now for me to take you to your father.”

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## *THE TOURNAMENT OF A DUKE*

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“I hope one day I shall have sons of my own,” he chuckled to himself that night as he sat in his low-roofed studio, gazing at his newly finished altarpiece and often thinking with amusement of the sons of Sir John Donne. “Master Edward is going to be a much-confounded lad to-morrow night! The Duke was most gracious when I suggested to him my little plan; one could see that boys and girls were high in his favor. What! The hour of a quarter before midnight is sounding on the Cathedral bell, and if I am to keep the favor of Duke Charles, in whose employ I am, and finish painting the emblems of the Knights of the Golden Fleece on the wall in front of the palace, I must hasten to rest, else I shall not have eyes open wide enough to see color on the morrow! I will rest my new altarpiece—which Duke Charles as well as Sir John was pleased to praise—against the wall, light my flickering candle, mount the narrow stairs to my gabled room, and dream of the festivities of to-morrow. No doubt Master Edward, little Elisabeth, and Master Griffith are having vivid dreams already!”

It was little Elisabeth who awakened her brothers the next morning and urged them to hasten, “else

they wouldn't see the Lady Margaret enter Bruges in her marriage procession."

There was festivity in the very air, and the sun itself aided by sending down its brightest rays upon the gilded palaces, the splendid homes of the merchant princes, and the houses of the Merchant Companies—the Guilds—with their gabled roofs. The shopkeepers who had been so busy turning out their choicest materials, the weavers of the marvelous tapestries ordered by Duke Charles the Bold, the many artists who had been putting forth every effort to help decorate the city, the makers of the delicate "cobweb" lace, were also assembling in the streets, along with the folk of every other calling. There was color everywhere, and even in the early morning there were men busy getting ready the great pyramids which later would become mighty bonfires making bright the quaint buildings in Bruges, which was sometimes called the "Venice of the North."

"Here is the best place of all to see," cried Griffith, as he peered from one of the windows of the great house where they were being entertained. It's near the market place, too, and that is where the great tournament will be held!"



BRUGES, QUAI DU ROSAIRE  
SHOWING BELFRY

*THIS is the quaint old city where Hans Memlinc lived and where the Tournament of the Duke of Burgundy took place. In the very next story this bell tower, which you can see peering high above the housetop, will appear again.*



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## THE TOURNAMENT OF A DUKE

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"I hear the bells and the clarions and trumpets!" cried Elisabeth, in delight. "At least I can see *this* part of the procession if I can't go to-night," and she smiled gleefully at Griffith when Edward was not looking, as if they had a delicious secret between them.

"I am going to be an archer some day," murmured Griffith, as the troops of archers in the uniform of the English bodyguard could be seen advancing, followed by nobles in their rich costumes, with the trappings of the horses glittering with gold and gems and fringed with tinkling silver bells.

"The Princess Margaret! Welcome to Burgundy!" shouted the people in great delight, as they caught sight of her in a bridal litter covered with cloth of gold and drawn by horses decorated with the same material.

"She shines like the sun and the moon," whispered Elisabeth to her mother, watching the play of the sunlight on her cloth-of-silver robe and her crown decorated with diamonds.

"There come the Knights of the Golden Fleece! Look, Griffith! This afternoon I shall watch their combats in the lists!"

Behind came slowly the ladies in the train of Princess Margaret; some of them were on white horses. “They are just like the Princesses sung about by the minstrels, mother,” cried the excited Elisabeth. Others from Burgundy there were, riding in bright chariots on the sides of which shone the arms of Burgundy and of England.

On through the streets the procession went, past the houses hung with tapestries gleaming with threads of silk and gold. Now it wound through a triumphal arch erected in honor of Duke Charles’s marriage, and, as the Princess passed, white doves were loosened from above so that they might encircle her head in a snowy cloud. Stately dignitaries marched—Venetians, Florentines—among them Thomas Portinari, a banker and councilor of the Duke.

“ ’Tis the same one our painter has made a likeness of!” cried Sir John Donne himself. “I knew him the moment he appeared, so you can see what a good likeness Hans Memlinc made. I hear there are to be pageants on the way to the palace, but we must return forthwith to our host’s if we are to see the Tournament of the Golden Tree this afternoon. Ed-



### ENTRY OF ISABELLE OF BAVARIA INTO PARIS

From an old French manuscript

*I*N just such a procession as this did Margaret of York enter Bruges, and all the people welcomed her as the bride of their Duke, Charles the Bold. Perhaps you noticed in the frontispiece of the Duke of Burgundy and his army, that the foot defences of the armor were very pointed, and in this picture we see what very pointed headdresses the Queen and her ladies are wearing. Everything was pointed at this time—shoes, parts of the armor, headdresses, cathedral towers, spires, and the carved patterns of the windows.



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## *THE TOURNAMENT OF A DUKE*

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ward must attire himself as a page and do credit to his training, and since a special invitation came from Hans Memlinc—a favor most uncommon—Griffith and Elisabeth are to have seats in the window overlooking the lists,” and he, too, exchanged a knowing glance with his two younger children and seemed to be in their secret.

In the great public square of Bruges that afternoon there was a crowd such as the people had never seen before. The windows and roofs of the houses were crowded and the balconies of the Hôtel de Ville were filled with the fair ladies of the court.

“You are indeed welcome,” smiled Hans Memlinc, as he ushered Sir John Donne, his lady, and the three smiling children into his workshop. “Would that the room were more fitting, but the view is all one could desire; as you will see, looking directly down upon the huge platform our Duke has caused to be erected, where the judges, marshals, and all the officers of the lists have taken their places. Master Edward, just place that cushion at your mother’s back, for my very best chair deserves not the name of ‘comfortable’!”

“Behold the big Christmas tree!” shrilled Elisa-

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## PAN THE PIPER

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beth, as she caught sight of a tall pine tree with gilded trunk and the shields of knights from many countries hanging from its branches. "But where are the presents on the branches?"

"Elisabeth," exclaimed Edward, in what was meant to be a withering tone, "how *can* you be so stupid? Why, that is the golden tree put up there because Duke Charles has called this the 'Tournament of the Tree of Gold'! Here comes the Princess Margaret now!"

Everything everywhere was brilliant. The arched gateway with its many towers was painted with the coats of arms of Burgundy and of England and devices showing their power. For many days the weavers of tapestries had been busy getting ready their most wonderful woven pictures, and bright banners waved from every wall.

The trumpets and the clarions sent forth their greeting and from every throat went forth the words of welcome, "Long life to the Princess Margaret, bride of our Duke Charles! Long life and happiness!"

No sooner had the Lady Margaret taken her seat of honor than there was a flourish of trumpets at the

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## THE TOURNAMENT OF A DUKE

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gate and the herald announced that “a high and puissant lord, desirous of accomplishing the adventures of the Golden Tree, demanded entrance,”<sup>1</sup> and into the lists rode Adolphus of Cleves, Lord of Ravenstein, in a suit of tawny velvet trimmed with ermine, with slashed sleeves showing flashes of armor beneath.

“Is there among you any gentleman,” he cried, “who for love of his lady is willing to try with me some feat of arms? If there should be any such, here I am, quite ready to sally forth, completely armed and mounted, to tilt three courses with the lance, to give three blows with the battle-ax, and three strokes with the dagger.” At the other end of the lists there straightway approached a pavilion of yellow silk embroidered with the Tree of Gold; in the center it opened and the Duke’s brother, Anthony, appeared in full armor on a mighty battle steed. Into the center of the lists he rode and awaited his opponent, who had thrown off his silken robe and approached him, likewise clad in shining armor. Their squires tested the lances to see if they were of equal length, and then presented them, while a blast

<sup>1</sup> From Kirk’s *Charles the Bold*.

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## PAN THE PIPER

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from a horn gave the two knights the signal for the encounter.

"There they go!" shouted Griffith, in great excitement, leaning so far out of the window that the long arm of Hans Memling shot out and quickly grasped him by the ankle. A shout went up from all the



JOUST

From the Westminster Tournament Roll,  
a sixteenth century English manuscript

*Here we have two knights contending across a barrier in a joust, or mimic duel. They are clad from the tops of their heads to the tips of their toes in shining plate armor, and each is trying to unhorse the other with his long lance. The ladies seated in their balcony are eagerly watching their favorite knights.*

people as the knights, spurring on their horses, met at "full gallop," shivering their great spears against each other's armor. So heavily did they meet that each knight was seen to tremble, yet each kept his saddle. When fresh lances were given them and again they josted with the same result, the applause of the onlookers was so great that all the queer little



THE CHIEF OF THE ORDER PLACES  
UPON THE NECK OF A KNIGHT THE COLLAR  
OF THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE

A miniature of the Franco-Flemish School, about 1450-1500

*T*HIS little fifteenth century miniature gives us a truthful and vivid picture of how the people dressed at that time, with their queer, high hats and pointed shoes.

*I hope that sometime you will see it in color, for color was the most beautiful part of the little pictures which brightened the pages of the old manuscripts. You can well imagine how attractive the scroll-and-vine border would be in rich, pure colors and gleaming gold.*



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## *THE TOURNAMENT OF A DUKE*

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gabled houses bordering on the square seemed to tremble with the sound.

“I don’t believe King Arthur had any braver knights than has Duke Charles!” announced Edward, admiringly, as the herald proclaimed the general tourney when fifty knights contended for victory. “Just wait till I become a knight!”

“Forget not, lad, that first you must become a squire,” laughed his father, tweaking his ear, but he was too engrossed with what was taking place in the square below even to notice it.

With the points of their lances and swords blunted so that nothing might occur to spoil the festivities, the fifty knights met, each trying to unhorse his opponent and so win the favor of the lady of his choice; while from the wooden balconies erected at the ends of the lists bright scarfs and handkerchiefs or the especial banners of their favorite knights were waved. The horses reared and staggered; the knights swayed from their saddles, some of them unhorsed and needing the services of their squires; and many were the broken lances. So eagerly did the brave knights fight that not one heard the signal for the ending of the encounter! Forthwith, Duke

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*PAN THE PIPER*

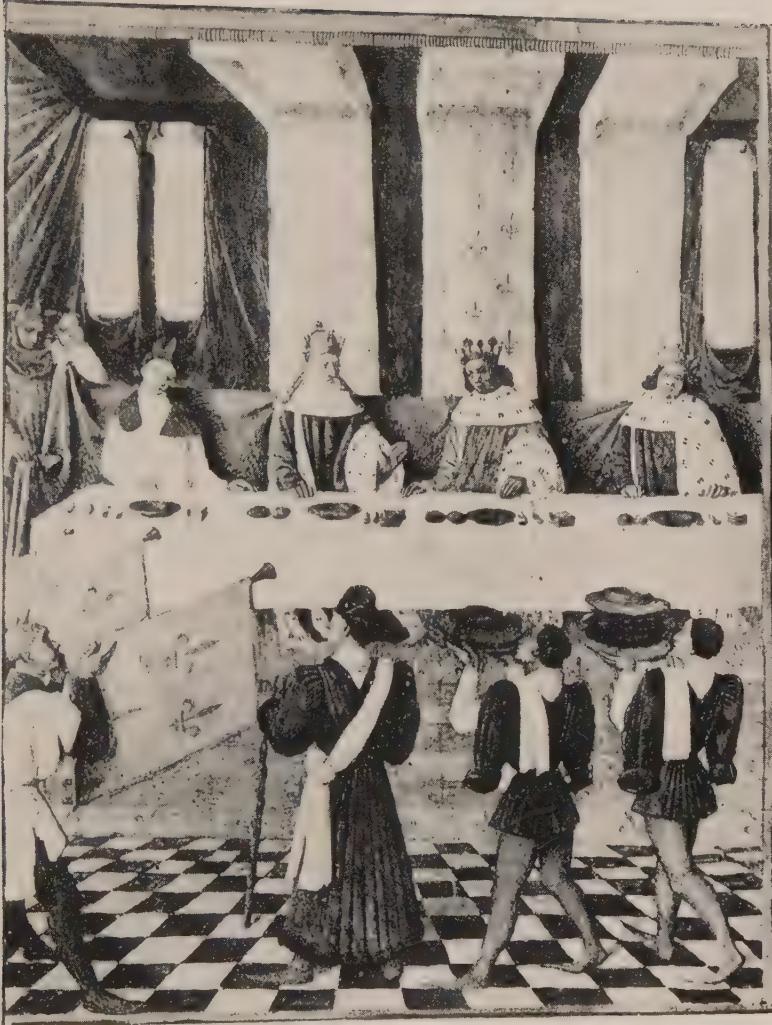
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Charles, who himself had taken part in the general tournament, raised his visor and rode swiftly around the field, striking down the weapons of the knights and bidding them cease from their fighting.

So the contests continued until “the western sun no longer cast its glory on the polished steel, the silken banners, and all the radiant scenery of the lists.”

Quickly, then, did the spectators scatter from the public square, some to other entertainments in various parts of the town, but all the nobles hastened to array themselves for the festivities of the banqueting hall, a great building which had been erected behind the palace.

“No doubt I shall see some of your handiwork to-night,” said Sir John Donne as he took leave of the artist, “for I hear Duke Charles has engaged the services of all the painters and sculptors and tapestry weavers in Burgundy and round about to decorate the walls of his new banqueting hall. After the festivities are over, I want him to see my new altarpiece you have just finished, and Lady Donne and myself are heartily pleased, for it has far surpassed our dearest hopes.”



THE FEAST OFFERED THE EMPEROR CHARLES IV  
BY THE KING CHARLES V IN THE GREAT HALL  
OF THE PALACE AT PARIS

From a fifteenth century French manuscript, *Grandes Chroniques de France*

THESE little pictures, illuminating the old manuscripts, were very important indeed. In early times—though beautiful in rich colors and gold—they were all religious pictures. Then, just as the painters and sculptors, they broke away from the stiff rules of the Church, and began to make everyday scenes of the people around them, serving the people instead of printed books.



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## THE TOURNAMENT OF A DUKE

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“I am more than repaid for my effort,” returned the artist, “and I trust you will be pleased with our decorations to-night. As for you, Master Edward, remember our wager!”

“I am sure I shall win!” confidently answered the boy; “no children are permitted except, of course, *older* ones like myself who am *part* of it, being a page! I shall have to wait upon the lords and ladies!” So sure was Edward of the winning of the wager, that he did not even notice the queer, smiling glance that Hans Memlinc gave Sir John Donne, or the funny little chuckle Griffith helped Elisabeth smother!

The banquet hall was ablaze with light; even the great ceiling, sixty feet high, was so bright that all the richly painted pictures might be seen. The walls were hung with tapestries and banners, some of the woven pictures telling in color all about the Greek hero, Theseus, who went in search of the Golden Fleece, just as the Knights of the Order of the Golden Fleece rode bravely forth on their adventures, pledged to help their king, defend their church, and give help to their fellow knights and all who might be in distress.

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*PAN THE PIPER*

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“Such a blaze of light in so big a place is amazing!” murmured the Lady Donne, who stood between her husband and Master Edward, who, in his page’s costume, was waiting to join the other boys in the service of the many lords and ladies who had gathered.

“Oh, mother, just look at the fiery serpents right above our heads!” cried the boy, in real dismay, for from the great chandeliers in the form of castles surrounded by forests and mountains there seemed to burst forth strange dragons and serpents, sending out curling flames which were reflected many times in huge mirrors cunningly arranged.

The table for the family and guests of Duke Charles was placed on a raised platform at the upper end of the great hall, and above it was a canopy with curtains reaching to the floor. All around the hall were tiers of galleries for spectators.

Trumpets sounded and all the little pages ran to take their places near the tables they were to serve; another flourish of trumpets—more exultant still—and Duke Charles, stately in his robe of black velvet shining with precious stones, slowly advanced, leading the Lady Margaret in her shining satin, to their



BANQUET SCENE REPRESENTING  
THE MONTH OF JANUARY

From the Book of Hours of the Duke of Berry, a fifteenth century French manuscript illuminated by Pol de Limbourg.

*T*HE Duke of Berry, who lived in the fifteenth century, spent much of his time in collecting a wonderful library of beautifully written and decorated books. One of them was his Book of Hours, from which this picture is taken. Part of the book was a calendar with a little picture for every month of the year, each having to do with the everyday life of the people of the time. Pol de Limbourg and his brothers, illuminators, were regularly employed by the Duke, and made bright this book among his many others. No doubt Duke Charles sat at a banquet quite as festive as this!



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## THE TOURNAMENT OF A DUKE

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chairs on the raised platform three steps above the floor and covered with the cloth of gold! Lords and ladies followed, all sumptuously attired—the ladies resplendent in their elaborate jeweled and veiled head-dresses—until the whole great banquet hall was bright with the mingling of rich colors and the flash of jewels, pearls, diamonds, and rubies.

Among the little pages, who, in their silken hose, long pointed shoes, and short velvet jackets, were bringing in the water and towels for hand-washing before the banquet should begin, was Master Edward; and it so happened, as he knelt before the Lady Margaret, she bent her head and spoke to him, sending him upon an errand, to his great delight.

“I have most surely won the wager now!” he thought gleefully to himself as he sped along, “for not only am I in attendance on the Duke’s table, but the Lady Margaret has chosen me to be her page! It really was rather silly of our artist to think that mere children like Griffith and Elisabeth could possibly come! He must have been joking, for I haven’t seen a single child here, except, of course, the *bigger* boys like the pages. I am sure to win my picture!”

Such a wonderful banquet it was, full of surprises. In the center of the Duke's table—and the long tables upon the floor as well—was a tree of gold set in gardens formed of mosaic work made with polished stones, inlaid with silver. Perfumed fountains played within the hall. The principal meats were in dishes representing gayly painted vessels, with sails and banners of silk, and accompanied by a whole fleet of boats loaded with lemons, olives, and many different fruits. Long-drawn sighs came from the pages as they saw the huge pastries, some in the shape of castles, with banners waving from their towers, others representing forests with lions and tigers. Everywhere was beautiful gold and silver plate, and one course alone was composed of forty-four dishes, placed on chariots bright with gold and azure, and moved among the tables by some mechanical device.

From time to time musicians played, and the deep tones of the organ mingled with the sweeter notes of the flutes. Every once in a while the curtain of green silk at one end of the great hall was drawn aside, and upon a stage which was revealed some play was performed, to entertain the banqueters.

“I almost wish Elisabeth and Griffith were here,”



HAWKING PARTY REPRESENTING THE  
MONTH OF MAY

From the Book of Hours of the Duke of Berry, a fifteenth century French manuscript illuminated by Pol de Limbourg.

*H*ERE is another delightful little picture from the calendar of the Duke of Berry. This one representing the month of May is not so rich in decoration and so full of splendor as the other, but it is quite as pleasing in its spirit of dainty grace, and it shows quite as close a study of nature.

*I am sure the Lady Margaret often went on such a hawking party!*



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## *THE TOURNAMENT OF A DUKE*

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thought Edward, remorsefully; “but it would be rather late for them to be up, and I’ll tell them all about it to-morrow.”

Just then came a loud blast from the trumpets, and all the ladies and even the biggest pages gasped, and the eyes of the latter fairly popped from their heads, as they saw advancing a monstrous whale, full sixty feet long, escorted by two giants. The whale seemed so very real that Edward with a quaking heart wondered just how many could go into his huge mouth! With its fins and tail the enormous monster went through the motions of swimming; great mirrors it had for eyes, and at last, at a signal from one of the Duke’s followers, it opened its huge mouth and forth came youths and maidens in Moorish costume, dancing to the gay music of tambourines.

“Who can that dear little girl and boy be?” Edward heard the Duchess say, and he could scarcely believe his very eyes when he saw Griffith and Elisabeth, in the daintiest of costumes—a little Fairy prince and princess—step forth from the mouth of the giant whale and smile and bow at the lords and ladies seated at the Duke’s table.

Such a chorus of applause followed! Edward, be-

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*PAN THE PIPER*

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wildered at the miracle which had happened, looked first at his parents' smiling faces and then into the twinkling eyes of his new artist friend, Hans Memlinc, who must have brought about the wonderful event.

"Who are the children?" again questioned the delighted Duchess, and before anyone else could answer, Edward bent his knee and said, proudly, "Oh, great and noble Duchess, they are my brother and sister, Griffith and Elisabeth!"

As Edward left the banqueting hall with the other pages, he slipped his ring into the hand of the artist as he passed him. "You shall have your picture, too," whispered Hans Memlinc, for you have shown you will become a gallant and generous knight!"



WHEN THE TONGUES  
OF THE BELLS WERE  
LOOSENERD





# *When the Tongues of the Bells Were Loosened*

## *INTRODUCTION*

*FROM the very beginning of things, Bells have had voices and have spoken from the time of the striking together of two pieces of stone to the time when iron bells really had tongues of their own. So—why shouldn't they have a Festival—or at least a Tercentenary—of their own? Haven't they done as much for the world as the Pilgrims who had a big celebration only recently? Aren't they heard all over the world?*

*One night when the sky was quite dark, and the wind blew, and sometimes the clouds seemed to part into yawning chasms of fire, the Bells all began to speak, quite drowning out the thunder, although they could still feel the earth shake.*

*“Father Time! Father Time!” they cried. And*

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## INTRODUCTION

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such a ringing and a pealing there was—each bell following the clear voice of its neighbor, from the faint tones of the smaller ones to the confident, triumphant voices of the larger—that Old Father Time appeared, as he always can anywhere, seemingly coming from nowhere!

“Well, well!” he grumbled, “Such talking and ringing and sputtering I never heard before—not since the time when bells summoned men to war or welcomed the returning hero! You big fellow over there with the deep voice, tell me what you want, for remember the Seconds are turning quickly into Minutes, the Minutes into Hours—and so on until Centuries flit by, and it is going on forever—for I, I am Time itself, and I cannot stop and no one can stop me! Speak!”

“We want a Celebration!” came the deep, resounding voice of the Big Bell, while from afar off pealed forth fainter but more beautiful ones. “On tomorrow night, good Father Time, let us all, for two hours, have the power each to hear the others all over the world! Let us have a chance to tell stories of what we have seen. The living creatures we see below us—often with voices far less sweet and them-

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## INTRODUCTION

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*selves of far less service to the world—can write about what they have seen, or tell stories of their lives. Let us! For we have lived and worked and served, O Father Time! We have rung out summons for soldiers, called alarms in case of fire or riot, urged people to attend churches above which we live, helped to crown kings, and rejoiced at the peace following wars, and have always sung our praises at Christmas time. Grant us, therefore, our request!"*

*"Aye, do, O Father Time!" rang all the Bells in their many tones.*

*All was still while Father Time thought for just the fraction of a minute. "It is granted, then," he cried. "I must be on my way. But remember for just two hours on to-morrow night, beginning when you shall all feel your tongues loosened. I would listen to your stories, but I must be on my way, for without me would not all things cease?"*



## When the Tongues of the Bells Were Loosened



T seemed to the Bells, big and small, round and fat, long and thin, as if the next night would never come! It was a relief whenever anyone struck them or pulled their tongues or called them into life by the wonderful machinery which they never had been able to understand. All of them were so high up in the air, in church and cathedral towers, that they could see the sun and its glow when it went to rest. All of them had worried a little over old Father Time's statement, because, of course, time would be different all over the world, so they couldn't be guided by the sky, and how were they to know when it was time to speak? But they comforted themselves with the thought that

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## *TONGUES OF BELLS WERE LOOSENER*

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Father Time had said the hour would come when all their tongues would be loosened, and that they would all be able to speak and hear and understand.

The hours dragged by. "I should think Time might hurry the hours along," grumbled the Bells to themselves. "*He* can speak any time he wishes." Every once in a while they tried to move their tongues so that they would be sure not to miss the eventful hour of their great celebration. They had tried many times to no avail, for their tongues hung just as heavy and motionless as ever; but the next moment a shiver of delight went through them all and throughout the whole world went a great sound! Heavy, deep voices; mellow, rich ones; and notes so high and sweet and clear that they might easily have been taken for bird music. "How good it is to be able to talk, all of us together!" they cried, and talked and talked, until they realized that they could not understand one single word, since they were all talking at once, and that several minutes of their rare celebration time had passed. Then out boomed one Bell more loudly than the others, almost cracking his sides with the effort.

“Hearken, ye many Bells!” he pealed. “We must speak in turn while the others listen, and since I have been able to make myself heard above all your voices, I will begin while the rest of you give ear. I weigh eight thousand pounds and it takes twenty-four men to make me speak, except, of course, to-night, which accounts for the power of my voice, and I was dedicated to the martyred Archbishop Thomas à Becket, from whose cathedral at Canterbury, England, I am speaking. No doubt you’ve heard people tell of him—how he was the son of a silk merchant and, after his father lost his money, became a priest. I wasn’t even thought of then, let alone formed, but since then I’ve heard the story of Thomas à Becket of England told by many a pilgrim coming to worship at his shrine.

One of the Archbishops of Canterbury held Thomas à Becket as a friend, and when Henry, the son of Matilda and Count of Normandy, became King of England, he showed favor to Thomas, who had helped the Archbishop place him on the throne. So Thomas, the silk merchant’s son, the priest, was made Chancellor of England, and on many a hunting party rode he with his King. He was a knight,

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## *TONGUES OF BELLS WERE LOOSENER*

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too, and once led our English army against the French.

“The next step was to make him Archbishop, for King Henry thought that thus he himself could rule the Church, but Thomas à Becket thought otherwise, and became just as good an archbishop as he had been priest and soldier and scholar. You know how it is, Bells, trouble comes between friends, and one or both hastily say words which they afterward would very much like to recall. The quarrels and troubles grew, for Thomas was quite determined to stand for the rights of the Church and the King was quite determined to rule it. One day King Henry exclaimed impatiently, ‘Will no man rid me of this turbulent priest?’ He really did not mean the words, just as often unmeaningly I strike a shrill and discordant note, but the four knights who heard him speak decided that it gave them permission to take the life of the Archbishop.

“So one night, Bells, right here in the very church in whose tower I now reside, they took his life. It was just four days after Christmas. Only a few torches were lighted; the Christmas hymns were still in the air. The four knights had been ushered into

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*PAN THE PIPER*

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the presence of the Archbishop in his palace, and had demanded that he leave England; but he refused. The wicked knights then followed him into my church and there they slew him. I am glad I was not alive at the time, so awful it was. Everyone honored him, and he is called Saint Thomas à Becket, and inside of my church is his beautiful and far-famed shrine, to which thousands come from all over the world—so many that they have worn the steps leading to it.

“All sorts of people come and from my place in the tower I can see them. I shall never forget one morning in April, centuries ago—for, as you know, centuries flit by like hours or even minutes for us who live on through the ages—when a long procession made its way to my cathedral. The air was sweet with the springtime flowers unfolding; there was just enough of a breeze from the westward, and the birds flitted around my towers singing of the spring which had come. It was a procession full of color and of sound, for if I listened with all my will I could hear the tinkling of little bells, and the sound of music as well as of laughter and talking. As they came nearer I could make out the words.

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## *TONGUES OF BELLS WERE LOOSENER*

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Such queer and interesting folk they were, and years afterward I heard a pilgrim say that a man named Chaucer, a great writer of our land, who was with them on that day, wrote about them. There was a knight in armor, and the sun shining upon it quite dazzled me as I looked down. Close beside him rode his squire who many a time had helped the knight into that gleaming suit and who had fought often by his side in battle, hoping some day to win the spurs of knighthood for himself. There was a yeoman all clad in Lincoln green, so that he might have been taken for one of Robin Hood's followers, and he carried a curved hunting horn of ivory, all beautifully carved, upon which he blew from time to time. The jolly fat-cheeked monks—two of them—with their shaved heads and hearty laughter, shaking so with merriment that they nearly fell from their plodding horses, were right cheery companions, and they seemed to be busy talking—telling rare stories, no doubt—to a lady pilgrim who wore a broad hat, well veiled. A long procession it was, my friends, for besides those named there was a merchant, very grand and stately and pompous and straight upon his horse; two nuns, modest

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## *PAN THE PIPER*

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and quiet; a lawyer; a goldsmith; a tapestry merchant, besides many others. And the colors! Greens and browns and reds, with the glint of silver and gold. From my height it looked like a moving pattern of blending colors. After I had looked them all over, I listened to the song they were singing as it was wafted up to me; and, behold! it was about us, friends, the Bells!

“ The Bells of England, how they peal  
From tower and Gothic pile,  
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill  
The dim Cathedral aisle. <sup>1</sup>

“There was more to it that I could not catch, so far below me they were, and there were stories told by different pilgrims—wonderful stories that held you breathless with interest. So I watched and listened until the long, colorful procession went into the inn quite near to my cathedral, where there was such a bustling and shouting as I have never known before. The stable boys ran to care for the weary horses; the landlord of the inn went out to greet the travelers, bowing and smiling and full of welcome, thinking,

<sup>1</sup> Archdeacon Cleveland Coxe.

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## *TONGUES OF BELLS WERE LOOSENER*

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no doubt, of how much fatter his pocketbook would be; and soon there came to me, for there was a stiff wind blowing, the pleasing fragrance of the well-cooked dinner, and although I could see them no more, I could imagine them seated at the long boards placed upon trestles and eating delicious dainties from their wooden trenchers.

“On the next day they entered my church to pray before the shrine of our martyred Saint Thomas and to leave their offerings of gold and silver and jewels. They prayed, also, before the shrine of our brave Edward the Fourth, the Black Prince, about whom you all have heard, who so bravely fought King Philip of France at the great battle of Crécy. He was but a boy then, but the King, his father, watched the battle from a hill near by and left the Boy Prince, in a full suit of black armor, to direct the soldiers alone. ‘Let the child win his spurs, and let the day be his!’ he cried. He did win, and all the English folk loved their little Black Prince, who was not only brave, but kind and courteous, as every true knight should be. When the French king fell into his hands he treated him with all reverence and gentleness, saying —”

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*PAN THE PIPER*

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“Time is passing, and you have had more than your share, Canterbury Bell,” came the voice of Father Time, seemingly from out of nowhere, showing that he was listening in spite of himself.

“Our turn next!” pealed forth the sweetest and clearest of voices, in music so sweet that even the stars had to listen. “We are the Bells of Flanders, and we can wait no longer to ring out in joy that the great World War is over. We sing of heroic deeds and of honor, of sacrifice and of love. We sing of joy and of sorrow, but most of all of peace. This is our story.” It seemed to the other Bells as if all the music in the world was mingled in the many voices—the lutelike music of the carillons accompanied by the graver voices of the bigger bells.

Many a precious moment of their all too short celebration time passed in silence, and even Time stopped, for every one of the Bells all over the world had seen and mourned at what the Bells of Flanders had looked down upon, and they, too, rejoiced that such sights were over. The story of the Bells of Flanders was a short one, but it was full of dignity and of beauty.

“We suffered, too!” mourned the deep Bell of



CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS

*N*O wonder everyone listened when the bell of this cathedral spoke, for no doubt the voice was as full of power and dignity as the beautiful cathedral itself. You are looking at the side of *Notre Dame*; there, as well as in the beautiful western front, is the splendid proportion of vertical lines giving lightness and grace, and horizontal lines giving a feeling of strength. Over the crossing of the *nave* and the two arms, the spire stretches up high into the air, and the two towers of the western front and all the little pinnacles lead our eyes upward. There is beautiful carved work in the rose windows which you can see among the trees, but there isn't too much decoration; it is all simple and stately and fits right into the structural lines. We must not forget the big flying arches which throw the weight of the cathedral upon the many stout buttresses or supports.

*In the Middle Ages these cathedrals with their carved statues of saints and church fathers and their painted pictures served the people instead of books.*



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*TONGUES OF BELLS WERE LOOSENER*

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Notre Dame. “Paris was gay no longer; and well I remember, too, the time when my beautiful church was so roughly handled during our Revolution. But let me now recall to you a great man, a mighty general, who was crowned Emperor within my church.”

“It was Napoleon!” called out the Bells.

“The Pope had even come to Paris to crown him, an unheard-of event. It was December, a clear winter day, and the streets were crowded with people—old and young and rich and poor—all anxious to see the man who should be elected their Emperor. And these were the same people who a few years before had cried, ‘Down with tyranny,’ and had at the cost of the terrible Revolution formed a Republic. I could see Napoleon as he entered Notre Dame, and small indeed he looked to be such a mighty ruler and the leader of a nation. A glorious robe of purple velvet he wore, and upon his head—like Julius Cæsar of Rome—a wreath of golden leaves. ‘Long live Napoleon! Long live the Emperor!’ the people were shouting, even drowning out my voice, as he entered the great central portal of my church, which was bright with decorations.

“A few years later there was again great shouting and rejoicing in the streets of Paris, and all of our bells rang out, hats were removed, banners waved, flags floated, until there were below me all movement and color and sound. Napoleon’s son, whom he called the King of Rome—for the Emperor ruled over an even greater empire than Charlemagne of old, and was honored even as the Roman emperors had been—was born. No one ever thought, alas! that the mighty Emperor would be exiled from the land which he ruled. Such a celebration as we had when the royal baby was christened, right here in my church. Every bell rejoiced, and I had a pain, almost a crack in my side, for some time, because of my enthusiasm! The Tuileries gardens were crowded with shining carriages filled with gayly clad people, and a grand procession was formed; soldiers in all their splendor, pompous officers of high rank, the Imperial carriage drawn by eight magnificent horses, everyone trying to catch a glimpse of the little boy within. I got just a fleeting one, but I saw a long robe of white satin all covered with lace, and just a bit of his wee face peering out from the little lace cap. Of course I could not see the christening,

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*TONGUES OF BELLS WERE LOOSENER*

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but I heard the heralds cry, ‘Long live Napoleon Francis Charles Joseph, King of Rome!’ and all the vast throng within the church, ‘Long live the King of Rome!’ So mighty was the cheering that I didn’t even try to speak.

“Before my time is spent, just look down at my great church, a sermon in stone. From all over the world people come. They like to see my deep doorways with the carved figures of saints and angels guarding them, my beautiful flower-shaped window above, the two towers going high up toward the clouds, in one of which you can see me, and the arcade of arches joining them. Then just look at my giant flying buttresses, like the arms of a great giant who is supporting the heavy walls and is leaning for his support upon the thickened outer walls—other buttresses. And the windows! In the starlight you can see them gleam, and in the daylight the colored glass flames when the sun touches them. Many of them there are, all over my walls, with pointed arches and the glass set into beautiful carved work of ——”

“Time for the next Bell to speak!” chanted the voice of Time. “Let the Bells of Italy have a chance to rejoice.”

"We have heard artists who came to sketch us say that we are beautiful in shape as well as in tone," chimed seven Bells in chorus. "For many years we have looked out from our great bell tower, slender but strong, far out over our beautiful city of Florence. We have watched all the changing colors of the sky, the crimson and deep gold and soft purple-blue of the glorious sunsets, and always full of joy we have looked down upon our tower, so delicately carved out of such wonderfully colored marbles—white and gray-green, soft rose pink and a mellow gold over all—that they delight the eyes of all beholders. 'Design us a bell tower for the Cathedral of the Flowers!' commanded the rulers of Florence, and Giotto, the little shepherd boy of the hills who had become a great artist in our city, planned it, and other great builders and sculptors carried out his plans. That is all, for my beautiful carved pictures tell the rest.

"Ring out in honor of Giotto, who first in our land ceased from blindly following rules laid down by the Church and made his pictures look real, and his people like the everyday ones he saw all around him. If it were not for him who led the way, who



CATHEDRAL OF MILAN

*I*n the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, at which you just looked, there was a place to rest your eyes so that you could enjoy the beauty of line and space and pattern. Some one has spoken of the "forests of little steeples" in the Milan Cathedral and I think it is a very good description indeed. Don't you? No matter how beautiful the white marble, or how high the central spire, or how beautifully carved the little pinnacles and arcades and statues, there is so much decoration that it takes away from that restfulness and beauty which we feel in Notre Dame.



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## *TONGUES OF BELLS WERE LOOSENER*

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knows whether we should have pictures so real and beautiful that they are a joy to all!"

"Time passes! You have had all but a few Minutes, each made up of sixty precious Seconds, of your festival hours. Speak on, O Bells, but briefly, for I must be on my way!"

"There is great beauty, too, in the Cathedral of Milan, where I live," chimed a sweet-toned Bell. "And I am not so very far away from you, O Bell of Giotto's Campanile. I ring out no stories of emperors crowned, or pilgrims coming to worship before a far-famed shrine, save those who worship before the whiteness of the marble of my church. How it gleams against the blue of the sky, and with its beautiful carvings, its little pinnacles and minarets, all of white marble, its central spire seeming to climb even above the clouds, looks, as I heard some one say, like an 'immense piece of silver lace' against a 'background of lapis-lazuli.' "

"I have no pointed arches and climbing spire," sang the next Bell, "but I have great gleaming white domes, and all around my doorways are pillars set with jasper and other precious stones. Great people have written about my home, too, the Cathedral of

the City by the Sea, and I like what this one said the very best of all: the ‘crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray.’ I know that my church is very different from Notre Dame and Milan and other Gothic churches with the spires and rose windows and great flying arches. Mine is built like the Eastern church of the Emperor Justinian, with the many domes clustering around the central one and helping to support it.

“My city is by the sea and the pride of my people and of their rulers, the Doges, has ever been in the deep-blue Adriatic and the high curved ships. The grandest sight I ever beheld was when, one Sunday over seven hundred years ago, my church of Saint Mark’s gleamed in the sunlight as it never had before. Every inch of its rich marbles, its pure alabaster, brought away from the East, its many precious stones in its columns, its wonderful mosaic designs formed of colored bits of stone and glass cunningly made into patterns, shone as they never had before. Gay banners of red and white and green waved, we Bells gave forth melody after melody, as



CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE

*WE* are now standing in the Piazza or Square of St. Mark's, looking at quite a different cathedral. There is the high bell tower near by, and no wonder the bell had a powerful voice and a very good view, for although this isn't the same bell tower which stood at the time of the story, it is like it.

*In this cathedral we see great domes copied from the wonderful churches of the East, and over the many doorways marvelously wrought pictures made of little pieces of marble cunningly put together upon a ground of gold.*



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*TONGUES OF BELLS WERE LOOSENER*

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thousands of people poured inside the church to hear what their beloved blind old Doge, Enrico Dandolo, wearing his gold-decorated robe, and high and richly jeweled cap upon his white hair, might say.

“ ‘Give ear, O ye people of Venice, unto these messengers of the new Crusade,’ he cried. ‘I have given my promise to them that we, the people of Venice, the “Bride of the Sea,” would build ships for the carrying of thousands of horses and knights to rescue the Holy City of Jerusalem, for the “service of God and of the whole world.”’ ‘We consent, we consent!’ cried all the people, as our white-haired Doge took the Cross of the Crusaders.

“I well remember, too, the day when the Crusaders sailed from our harbor. The sun shone, the trumpets sounded, the colored banners waved, and the golden Lion of Saint Mark gleamed on its blue ground. ‘In the name of the Creator!’ cried the people, as the high-beaked galleys with their many oars put off from the shore. From all over Italy and France artists have come to see the wonderful treasures—paintings, sculpture, silks, jewels—

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## PAN THE PIPER

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which the Crusaders brought back from the East,  
and ——”

“I must interrupt!” pealed a Bell which seemed to be very far away. “Our time is up within a few hundred priceless Seconds. Already my tongue grows heavy, but the Festival of the Bells shall not cease until at least one has spoken from America. I can see and hear you all—though dimly and faintly—so listen well. I am not so old as some of you, who are my ancestors, but my church, too, has seen war and peace, joy and sorrow, disaster and prosperity. Best of all do our chimes—the chimes of Old Trinity—like to ring out our song in the sacred Christmas Festival, a song of Joy and Hope and Peace to all the many boys and girls and men and women of our crowded city—

“ And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good will to men! <sup>1</sup>

“Of peace on earth, good will to men!” echoed all the other Bells in so full and rich a melody that the sound filled the whole world and went ringing into

<sup>1</sup> Longfellow.

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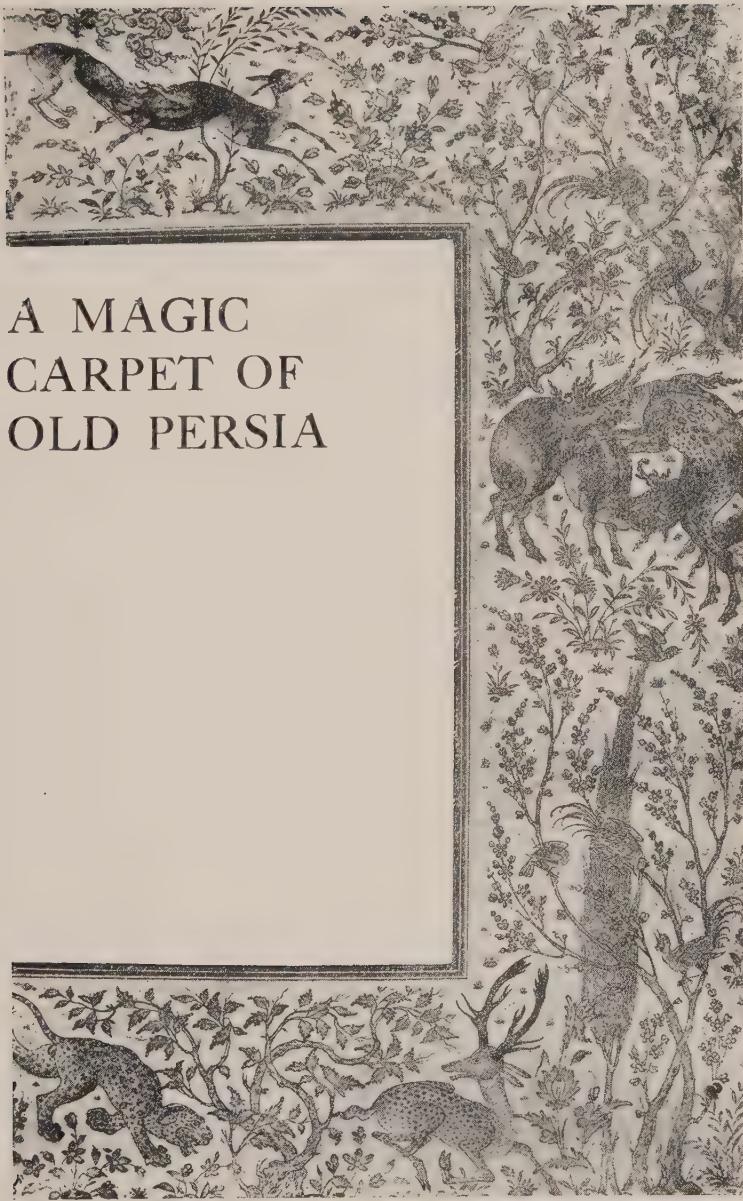
*TONGUES OF BELLS WERE LOOSENER*

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people's dreams and soaring to the clouds and the stars.

"May it be forever!" cried Old Father Time in a voice which none had heard before. "And may Bells ever ring out their stories and songs in all the fullness of their melodies!"





A MAGIC  
CARPET OF  
OLD PERSIA



# *A Magic Carpet of Old Persia*

## *INTRODUCTION*

*I STAYED for a while one summer in a little place in Maine where the woods and the sea combined; and there was one especial little spot surrounded by great spruce and pine trees and covered with dark-green, brown-green, and gray-green moss and sprinkled with pine needles and cones which I liked the best of all. Just enough sun peered down among the branches to keep it bright and make beautiful the shadowed patterns of the swaying boughs, and just enough sky peered through to look like blue-green mountain lakes cloud-capped like foam. Just enough wind there was to make the music of the trees and bring the salt sea air. I am sure that in such a spot, at night, when the moonglow takes the place of the sunlight, the Fairies come and dance upon the velvet*

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## INTRODUCTION

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softness of the feathery moss, and giant Genii, whose eyes have beheld most marvelous sights, swing upon the wind-tossed branches of the evergreen spruce. Then, when they've had enough of play, one of the Fairies first, or one chosen from the Genii, tells wondrous tales of far-distant lands.

We are far away from such a spot, but there are Persian rugs with trees and flowers which we can see; so if once more we use our Magic Gift, Imagination, every bit as powerful as a Magic Wishing Ring—a gift which has belonged to boys and girls, and grown-ups, too, ever since all things began—we can make live these Persian rugs with their beautiful color patterns and the happy rhythm of their lines. Then, it is safe to say that from among the trees or gardens or the forests in the rugs some one will step forth to tell some glorious tale of olden times all filled with color, and with brave deeds, and with flashing gems.

This time it will be a tale of a great hero who did many wonderful deeds like the Greek Hercules; this story is told in a Persian book called the Epic of the Kings, or the Sháh Námeh, stories about the many adventures, battles, and victories of Persian kings and

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## INTRODUCTION

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heroes. This great hero is named Rustom, who was ever of service to his king. The Persian poet who told the stories of this hero was Firdausi and he lived about nine hundred years ago. His history in verse told all about the Persian kings of ancient times down to the seventh century, when the Saracens invaded the land.

After this story of adventure we shall be taken to a wonder-palace with flower-filled gardens and rich hangings, where Fairies dwell.

So, now, we will listen to this story of a Persian Rug and then, whenever we look at them with their beautiful colors and patterns, we will just say, "Let's make believe!" and behold, the trees and the flowers and the animals will live and all sorts of strange creatures will appear to take us on wonderful adventures.

# A Magic Carpet of Old Persia



T was such a beautiful Persian rug of dark-red ground, on which were trees in bloom, among them tall and stately cypresses. The trees and flowers looked real and beautiful and yet they were so woven that the colors and the lines formed happy patterns. Full many a day and night it had hung there on the wall admired by many, but always just a rug. And then one night, when all was quiet, it so happened that a shaft of moonlight shone directly through a window, and so brightly that it made the whole big rug aglow. It shone on just that one and no other, as if calling it to life. Brighter and more compelling grew the moonlight and more like a real garden looked the rug, until whosoever listened very closely could hear the whispering of the trees, and

whosoever looked very closely could see the stately cypresses sway gently in the flower-scented breeze. Then slowly and with languid movements, as if sleep had claimed him many years, there rose from behind a blossom-laden tree a man tall in stature. Dark skinned was he and on his head was a turban of various shades of red and blue and green, while his wide trousers glowed with the deepest orange, and about his shoulders and his waist were wound the softest silks of many colors, and around his neck a necklace which sparkled bright red and golden yellow when the moonbeams shone upon it. Then he passed his hand across his brow as if just awaking, and said, slowly, "I am the Spirit of this Persian rug woven four hundred years ago, and long have I been waiting till the new moon's rays should fall upon this rug of trees alone, for only then may I awake. But with me lies the power to call to life this other rug woven near the time of mine. Awake, thou rug of animals!" Forthwith, at the waving of his hand, the rug of animals awoke, and lions roared from out of the forest as they shook their tawny manes; tigers and jackals quickened into life and attacked the yellow-spotted Chinese deer, and back and forth they

rolled upon the forest green, tails quivering in the air at the fierceness of the playful quarrel. Wild boars bounded among the trembling trees, and this way and that ran the forest animals, while all around the border of the rug bloomed many-colored flowers.

“Awake, birds and animals of our Eastern land; awake, dainty-footed Fairies, gifted with the magic wands, and revealers of thy countless strange adventures; awake, thou giant Genie of the performers of great deeds, awake and people these glorious rugs and listen to a Persian tale of long ago, told by the Singer of Paradise, Firdausi. And now as I tell the tale, give heed, Fairy Folk, resting among the flowers on the rugs, or swinging on the branches of the graceful, swaying trees, and call forth for the boys and girls who live to-day that magic gift of theirs—that wondrous fairy gift—that they, too, may hear the tales we have to tell. And, thou Prince of all the powerful Genii, thou Genie clad in flowing white and tall as yonder stately cypress, stay thou there in the forest with the beasts, for they too must listen, cease from their sporting play and a silence keep, for only while the moonbeams shine upon these rugs

may we live and speak. Hear, then, this tale from our Persian poet, Firdausi.

“Know then, that Rustem, son and grandson of mighty warriors, was one day hunting near Túrán, which bordered close on China, when sleep overcame him after his labors and he left free to graze his far-famed horse, Rakush, meaning Lightning, which he had conquered as an untamed colt. Then while the hero slept there came a band of Tartars, who after a long struggle captured the fiercely fighting Rakush and bore him far away.

“‘Where is the companion of my many wanderings?’ called Rustem, waking, and his calling made the hills resound, but no answering neigh was heard. In search then he went, and when the shadows spread he reached a kingdom bordering on Túrán and was welcomed by the King.

“‘The footsteps of my far-famed Rakush have I followed!’ cried the hero, ‘for while I closed my eyes in slumber after the labors of the hunt, my struggling horse was stolen and I have traced him to thy door. Bring forth my Rakush!’

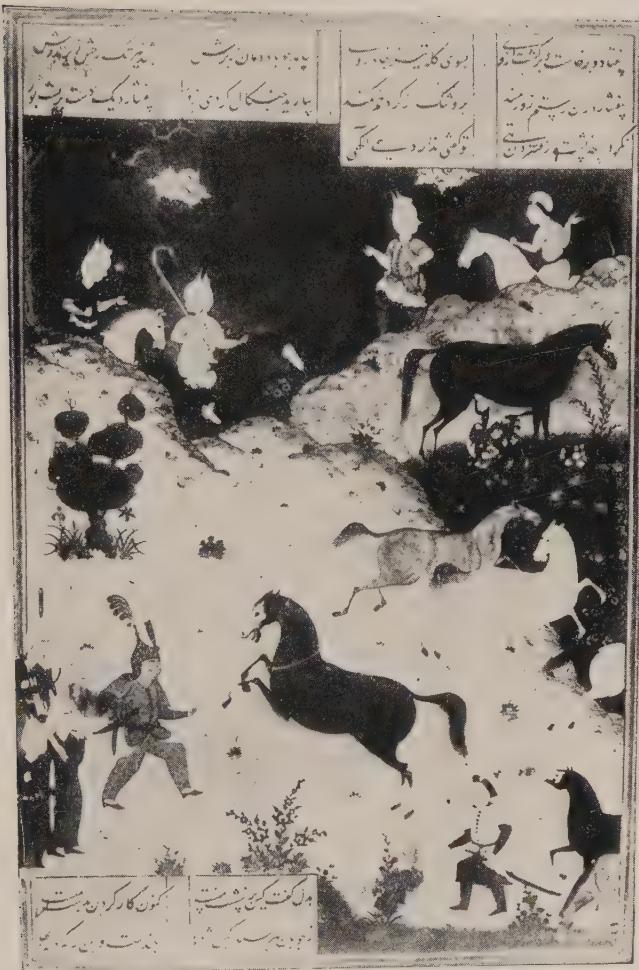
“Then pleaded the King that no knowledge of the theft was his and appeased him with friendly words,

bidding him become his guest while a search was made for the missing horse.

"A banquet in honor of the well-known hero, Rustem, was prepared with rich dishes, rare music, and dancing. Then, wearied with his day of hunting and worn with the search for his comrade, Rakush, he went early to his couch sweet with rose and musk, and there forgot his misfortune for a while. He was wakened by the glow from an amber taper and saw before him a maiden of marvelous beauty, and graceful as a slender cypress tree.

"'Who art thou, radiant maiden?' asked the wondering hero. 'What name bearest thou who rivals the very stars in brightness?'

"'Tahmineh is my name,' she answered, 'and I am the daughter of thy host, the King. Many times have I listened with delight to the oft-sung praises of thy great deeds. Thy gleaming sword hath conquered many a foe; even the Demons shrink from its flash. And so I prayed for thy success and thy safekeeping and from so doing thou didst become dear to me. But grant the longing of my heart—ask me in marriage of the King—and Rakush to thee shall be restored, for I know where he is hidden.'



### RUSTEM CATCHING HIS HORSE, RAKUSH

From a Persian manuscript, A.D. 1537  
Collection of Baron de Rothschild

*W*ITH the finest of brushes made from the hair of a squirrel's tail, the Persian artists drew their pictures, and their eyes and hands were very sure as they skilfully made the delicate lines and curves. These little pictures are full of decoration and charm, with rich colors—soft pink or purple or dove color—against a golden sky.



“Rustem felt an answering love, and the happy Tahmineh soon became his bride. All too quickly came the time when Rustem must depart, and sorrow dimmed Tahmineh’s eyes, and no comfort did she know till there came her boy, whom she named Sohráb, or the Child of Smiles. Strong he grew and skillful as a hunter and a wrestler, but Tahmineh, fearing lest Rustem, should he know of so strong and brave a son, would take him from her in his pride, the message sent to Rustem of a daughter born.

“But not many were the years before Sohráb, Child of Smiles, stood questioning before his tender mother. ‘Since childhood have I surpassed my playmates in my strength, yet know I not my father’s name. Tell me, I pray thee, that I may answer when they ask.’

“Then answered Tahmineh:

“‘A glorious line precedes thy destined birth,  
The mightiest heroes of the sons of earth.

And Rustem thy illustrious sire!

“‘Take thou this wondrous onyx bracelet charm  
left by thy father to keep thee from harm; but make  
not thyself known, else thy father, in his pride of

thee, will take thee from me, the comfort of my heart.'

"But Sohráb, strong of arm and broad of shoulder, made reply, 'My father's and my country's foes shall feel the vengeance of my sword; the Tartar King, Afrásiyáb, and even Kai Káüs of Persia himself, shall yield to Rustem, who shall wear the crown, and thou, O honored mother, shall be queen of our fair Persia. I must seek my noble father and look upon his face.'

"'Farewell, oh, my mother!' Sohráb cried, as forth he rode upon a steed 'from Rakush bred, of lightning's winged speed,' and soon his fame spread from sea to sea and many followers hastened to his call.

"When Afrásiyáb, King of the Tartars, saw Sohráb march against the Persian host, he sent forth his warriors to aid, but thus he charged his chiefs: 'If this is the son of Rustem, he must not know his father, but let each, unknowing, claim the other as his foe. Let Sohráb overcome his father, ere long the Persian rule is ours.'

"The advancing hosts, with Sohráb in the lead, reached soon a fort from which, on seeing them, there advanced Gúrd-afríd, a warrior maid, clad in

her burnished mail, her curling locks placed beneath a helmet. Swiftly, ‘like a lion,’ from the fort she charged straight toward the foe and challenged the bravest knight, and Sohráb rode against her, thinking her a gallant youth, but little dreaming of her skill in arms. Never did her singing arrows miss their mark till he was compelled to hold high his buckler. With all his strength, at last Sohráb flung his gleaming javelin; straight through her girdle belt the weapon flew and Gúrd-afríd all but tumbled from her horse. Courageous still, she drew the severed spear with her sword, and forward spurred her steed. But swift as eagle’s flight he followed her, ensnared her in his noose, and doing so, struck off her helmet and beheld a woman’s face encircled with radiant hair! He would have held her prisoner had not the maid with cunning thus replied, knowing full well that he could not boast the conquering of a woman:

“ ‘O warrior brave,  
Hear me, and thy emperiled honor save,  
. . . . .  
Better preserve a warrior’s fair renown,  
And let our struggle still remain unknown,  
. . . . .  
The fort, the treasure, shall thy toils repay.’

“Sohráb, enraptured with her charms, and chivalrous, set free the maid, all trusting in her word. But when they reached the battlements, only to the warrior maid, Gúrd-afríd, were the gates opened, then closed on him.

“Full angry at being thus ensnared, Sohráb rode back to camp, but when upon the following day he and his host advanced to storm the fortress of the warrior maid, gone were those who had dwelt therein and open wide the gates. For the warrior maid and the keepers of the fort had by secret ways gone swift to the Persian King to warn him of Sohráb joined with the Tartar King.

“‘Send for brave Rustem, who “preserves the glory of the Persian throne,” the champion of our land,’ he cried, and swiftly went a messenger to implore Rustem to hasten to their aid. When that hero learned that the young Sohráb was strong like to himself, he marveled much.

“‘He cannot be my son!’ he cried. ‘I have a daughter. But would this were my son! ’

“After days of rest and feasting, Rustem returned with his warriors and the anxious messenger to the



RUSTEM'S HORSE FIGHTING WITH A LION

From a Persian manuscript, A.D. 1537

Collection of Baron de Rothschild

*N*O wonder Rustem was fond of a horse which saved him from a lion that would have slain him as he slept! Here, too, you see a flat design—though full of decoration—with Rustem seeming to float in the air rather than lying upon the ground. In the upper part of the picture the marvelous Persian handwriting, with its delicate lines and curves also formed by a brush, shows you that the writers were artists as well as those who painted the charming little pictures.



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## *A MAGIC CARPET OF OLD PERSIA*

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King of Persia, who was sore enraged at his delay, and met the hero with foolish, angry words. Rustom, angered at his ingratitude, for he had saved his kingdom many a time, cried out reproachfully, ‘Ungrateful King! Full many a time thy crown and life I’ve saved! For thee I’ve fought and loyal to thee have I been! This land I’ll leave and save it from its foes no more!’

“Away then rode Rustom, and but for the pleading of the warriors bold the King had lost his champion. But they prevailed on him to send a humble message, and they overtook the hero on his swift horse, Rakush, and after soothing words Rustom was induced to return to the Persian King, who met him in repentance.

“At once did Rustom command the army and lead them forward, steel-incased and shining in the sun, to where their foes were camped. Sohráb, smiling, saw the vast host advance, and longed to meet in battle. When morning dawned he sent for a captive chief, and promised him his freedom should he answer truly what he wished to know.

“Tell me, then, the various heroes of our foes:

where is the mightiest of all, the bold and valiant Rustem?’

“Each royal tent with silks and velvets hung, adorned with gold and precious stones, the captive chief proclaimed its master; but when he came to the green pavilion showing a stalwart warrior’s form within and a dragon writhing on the banner floating gayly in the breeze, he paused, for at heart he was loyal to the King of Persia, and he sought to save the life of Rustem for his King. ‘That is the tent of a warrior chief from China, whose name I know not,’ he lied. ‘Of Rustem no sign I see; mayhap he enjoys the beauties of his own fair land, undisturbed by wars.’

“Sohráb, amazed at Rustem’s absence from the fray—if indeed the captive’s words be true—and dismayed at not finding the brave father for whom he longed, quickly donned his suit of mail and grasped his shining javelin. Onward drove he his fearless horse and defiance called to the Persian King, who cried for Rustem’s needed aid.

“In haste that hero mounted Rakush, leaping to the fray, and waved his dragon-pictured banner far

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## *A MAGIC CARPET OF OLD PERSIA*

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on high. Surprise held the glorious champion when he beheld the dauntless Sohráb and heard his mighty battle-cry. ‘Would thou wert my son to enter battle at my side,’ to himself he said; then aloud, ‘Older far am I than thou, and I would not wish to harm a youth so brave.’

“Eager-eyed grew Sohráb as he answered:

“‘Art thou not Rustem, whose exploits sublime  
Endear his name through every distant clime?’

“But Rustem, suspicious, thought unto himself, ‘If I disclose my name some pretext will he find to keep from fighting, and later will he boast to the Tartar King.’ Then to the youth he spoke: ‘Nay, I make no such claims of valor; make good with me thy boasted skill.’

“Boldly rushed each to the fight with shining lances, and sword against sword. Shattered were their suits of armor as they fiercely met. Well matched they were: now shot they winged arrows and now each sought to hurl the other from his battle steed, and, though Rustem dealt a mighty stroke which might have made a mountain tremble, yet Sohráb held his seat. Swift then the youth let fall

with all his strength his heavy mace and dealt Rustem such a blow that he, the champion-hero, staggered. Thus they fiercely fought until ‘The shadows of night are gathering,’ said Rustem. ‘To-morrow shall we contend again.’

“Fiercely fought they on the morrow till the darkness forced them to their tents once more, but when they met on the following day for the third time all their mighty strength they called to play and this time was there no mercy in their glance. Even the sun ceased its shining where they fought and the whole earth trembled. With giant strength at last, angered that he, the champion, should meet a foe younger but full of strength like to himself, Rustem with one mighty effort hurled Sohráb to the ground. Wounded, and far spent, Sohráb murmured to the victor, who stood over him: ‘Had I but found my father in the fight, I should not lie here thus. Him did I seek, and for this led on the Tartar host in search of him. Fighting by his side, we should have won and he would have been king over this fair land. I sought my mother’s token, but when found, he did deny his name and race. Behold thou this onyx amulet upon my arm beneath the mail, given by the



### HUNTING THE LION

From a manuscript of Nizami, a Persian poet, A.D. 1539-1543  
British Museum, London

*S*TRAIGHT up the rocks go, up against the sky of gold instead of blue as it really is. The wild lions are fierce and full of life and movement, even though the Persian artist has not studied how all their bones and muscles are placed, but has cared more for the decorative pattern they help to form. I am sure you like the border with the little leaves and birds, and can imagine how much more beautiful it and the picture are when sprinkled with gold and bright with pure, rich colors.



great Rustem to my mother, Tahmineh. He will avenge my death.'

"Prostrate then fell Persia's mighty chief: 'I am thy father, Rustem,' came the groan from his breaking heart. 'My son is slain and by my hand!' he cried, as forward on the ground he fell. But Sohráb, with fast-failing breath, bade him rise, 'My father,' pleaded the dying youth, 'take me within thine arms and call me thy son, for swiftly must I pass away. Weep not, my father,' Sohráb comforted. 'All men must die. Not thine the fault, but that of the Turanian captive chief who denied that thou wert here.'

"So Sohráb died; and the mourning Rustem cried,

"Here ends the war! let gentle peace succeed.  
Enough of death, . . ."

Silence fell within the Persian rugs as the tale ended. "Many are the tales of our great hero, Rustem," said the Spirit of the Rugs. "And another time ye, together with the children on the earth, shall hear them all. But now falls the magic moonlight on our rugs but faintly. Wave thou thy wand, O Genie of the heroes' deeds, and wave your wands, ye

dancing Fairies, that our frolics on these Persian rugs the earth children of to-day may see ere the moonbeams vanish. Oh, forest animals, you need not keep silent as before."

Once more, then, did the lions and the other forest animals sport among the swaying forest trees. Once more, in play, they rolled upon the forest floor and called forth their various cries, while the Genie of the Heroes, from out the branches of a giant tree, peered down at them and remembered the glorious hunting parties of the Persian kings and heroes; and as he watched he dreamed those years were back.

On the rug of flowers and blossoming trees the Fairy Folk held sway. Now they danced upon the feathery moss, all shimmering in the moonbeams' silver light; now they rested on the branches of the queenly poplar trees, and now—spreading wings like dainty lacework—they flew over to the rug where played the sportive animals upon their hunting ground. There they swung upon the branches of the forest trees and peered down, delighted, at the merry beasts at play. Then the Queen of Fairies held up her Fairy wand, and there



PERSIAN RUG—ANIMAL MOTIF  
Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

*Y*OU can fairly see the swift movements of the animals at their play,—even their tails “quivering in the air”! The lions, the jackals, and the deer look very real, yet they are so placed that they form patterns full of decoration. All around the border are many colored flowers,—much more beautiful when you see the color!



appeared before them a palace built of crystal and of gold. Lights were there in every window like the gleaming of a fire, and through the open door were seen upon the walls rich hangings of red and blue and green, while in the palace garden a fountain bubbled high. Behind, the tall green cypresses were outlined against the shining sky. Sweet-throated birds were singing and the air was fragrant with musk and rose.

“The moonbeams lose their mellow light!” the Fairy cried. “Come, Fairies of the Persian Gardens, haste ye to the palace until another time the new moon spreads its rays upon the Persian rugs alone and bathes them in its light; then may we once more appear and make alive the rugs and tell the boys and girls on earth other tales of our fragrant, storied land.”

Thus, when she waved her wand, the Fairies vanished straight up the shining path. Paler grew the moonlight and, as the darkness gathered, the Spirit of the Persian Rug, clad in his many-colored robes, stood beneath a stiffening cypress, held up his hand, and, behold! the Genie of the Heroes slowly disappeared, the sporting animals ceased their play and

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*PAN THE PIPER*

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took the places on the rug they always held. The moonlight disappeared, the Spirit of the Persian Rug slowly vanished in the shadows, and they became just rugs once more, but ever beautiful in their patterns and their colors and ready to quicken into life again!



# HOW COLOR CAME TO THE WORLD





# *How Color Came to the World*

## *INTRODUCTION*

“*Q-O-O-O-H!*” sighed the Winds, as they pushed along great banks of clouds close to the purple hills and sent swift ripples across the waves. “We are weary, for we’ve blown the dust out of all four corners of the World and swept the high arch of the Sky and brightened the waves of the Sea. So many people we have seen—and we might say swept and polished, as well as the sea and the sky and the land—that we are going to rest for a while and be calm. Nothing has escaped our eyes since the very world was born.”

“Nor ours,” sang the Stars. “We shone on the first Mother and Father and the first Earth Children. We—with the aid of our great golden Moon and Sun—encouraged them in the building of homes and

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## INTRODUCTION

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*the planting of gardens. We guided and protected them by night and we promised them the good things they should find through their industry: Health and Peace and Love. So we, too, have looked at people all over the World and from the time the World began. We do not rush about like you, for we are ever calm, but, like you, we see all, for we can see—though dimly—by day, even though it is only by night that we can be seen. While you rest, listen to the story of one of the many things we saw when all things were young. We could never, never tell them all, so we chose this from the many pictures we have shone down upon. It tells of a people who well knew that we Stars are Divine Beings, who pictured us on their rugs, their blankets, their jugs. They sang of us and of the clouds and the birds, and they knew that the birds sang of the sky. They heard the mocking-bird sing:*

*"Thin little clouds are spread  
Across the blue of the sky,  
Thin little clouds are spread.  
Oh, happy am I as I sing,  
I sing of the clouds in the sky.*

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## INTRODUCTION

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“ ‘Thus tells the bird,  
’Tis the mocking-bird who sings,  
And I stop to hear,  
For he is glad at heart  
And I will list to his message.

“ ‘Then up the hill,  
Up the hill I go my straight road,  
The road of good—  
Up the hill I go my straight road  
The happy road and good.’ <sup>1</sup>

“Be calm, O Winds; and let the beauty of this,  
which we have seen, soothe you as you listen.”

<sup>1</sup> From Natalie Curtis’s *The Indians’ Book*, p. 341.



## How Color Came to the World



N the very beginning of things the White Star Woman, the bright and glorious Evening Star, dwelt in the West, and from the East went forth the Great Star, the Morning Star, to find her; and westward journeyed he toward the Evening Star so brightly shining.

But she, to hinder his approach, placed Hard Things in his path, even while she beckoned him to come. As he started toward her the waters swept down, and

NOTE: The two Indian legends are adapted from Natalie Curtis's *The Indians' Book*.

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## *HOW COLOR CAME TO THE WORLD*

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in the waters was a huge serpent with a monstrous mouth opened wide to devour him. But the Morning Star began to sing, and as he sang he drew from his belt a ball of Fire and threw it at the serpent, and straightway the monster vanished, the waters dried, and the Morning Star kept on his journey. Ten were the obstacles which the Evening Star placed in his path, and each time the Morning Star began to sing and drew from his belt the ball of Fire and threw it at the Hard Thing, which straightway vanished. It was thus he overcame the giant cactus, huge thorns, dense forests, and strange animals—foretelling the Hard Things men, women, and children would have to overcome upon the earth—and after each victory the Morning Star spoke, saying triumphantly, ‘I have overcome and am victorious!’

“Onward, then, passed he in triumph, far to the westward, until he reached the dwelling place of the Evening Star, guarded by four beasts—Black Bear, Mountain Lion, Wild Cat, and Wolf. These beasts, placed by the Supreme Being in the Heavens, were stars—Black Star, Yellow Star, White Star, Red Star—and in the years thereafter would send to earth beasts like themselves, the animals upon the earth : and

they foretold other great Powers—Autumn, Spring, Winter, Summer; and the Clouds which would gather, the Winds which would blow, the Lightning which would flash, and the Thunder which would roar; four kinds of wood—the cottonwood, elm, willow, elder; and four kinds of corn—black, yellow, white, and red.

“Far-reaching was the power of these four beasts, and very carefully did they protect and guard the Evening Star. Yet when the triumphant Morning Star saw them, he said, ‘I have conquered, and ye, too, shall obey my commands! Thou, Black Star, shalt stand in the northeast, whence shall first come the night, for thou art Autumn. Thou, Yellow Star, shalt stand in the northwest, where the glorious sun shall sink, for thou art Spring. Thou, White Star, shalt stand in the south with thy face toward the north, whence cometh the snow, for thou art Winter. And thou, Red Star, shalt stand in the southeast, for thou art Summer.’ Thus were the Four Stars made to obey the Morning Star.

“Then the victorious Morning Star drew near to the Evening Star, and all the Star Beasts helped him, and at length the Evening Star bade him welcome

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## *HOW COLOR CAME TO THE WORLD*

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and gave him a pebble which he let fall into the great waters, and behold! it became the Earth! Thereupon the Morning Star, standing straight and tall, took once more his ball of Fire and threw it high into the air, and said, ‘Stand there, and give light to all the world!’ And the ball of Fire became the Sun, and the Power of the Sun came from the Morning Star.

“Then the Evening Star bade the Morning Star bring the cradle-board for the first child which should be born. And the Morning Star formed the cradle-board of cottonwood and prepared a warm covering from a speckled wild cat’s skin, the emblem of us, the Stars in the Heavens. ‘Over the board I will stretch a willow-tree hoop foretelling the refreshing rain and the colorful “Arch-above-the-Earth,” the Rainbow. A soft buffalo robe the child shall lie upon, and sweet water from the sacred spring surrounded by fragrant grasses he shall drink. Behold! the water shall come even from the glorious garden of the Evening Star, and in the time to come from that same garden soft rains shall fall upon the Earth to quicken the harvests.’

“To the Morning and Evening Stars was born a daughter, and her mother, the Evening Star, placed

her on a cloud to send her to the Earth, and gave to her a small and very beautiful ear of corn, the ‘Mother-Corn,’ saying, ‘Plant this upon the Earth that all men may have food!’ Then she sent her daughter downward, wafted on the snow-white cloud.

“Like gentle rain the maiden dropped from the cloud upon the Earth below, and to this day the name for maiden in the Pawnee language is ‘Standing Rain.’

“The little maid at first knew not where she was, and looked in this direction and that, till at last she saw coming toward her a boy of wondrous beauty, the child of the Sun and the Moon, even as she was the daughter of the Morning and Evening Stars; and they became the first mother and father of the Earth People. To the Stars was given the power to watch over people and protect them, sending storms to punish should they be evil, and all happiness if they are good.”

“You, too, have seen much that is beautiful,” murmured the Winds, and the music of your song rests us. Have you no other memory that will bring new delight even to us who have looked upon such a multitude of things?”

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## *HOW COLOR CAME TO THE WORLD*

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“Long, long ago,” sang the Stars, “a young man of these same Red People, only this time from the



THE PEACE PIPE

E. Irving Couse

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

*Perhaps this is Kloskurbeh, the first teacher, speaking his words of wisdom. Some day you will see this picture in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and enjoy the golden-brown color of the woodland and the glow of the sky through the trees.*

Algonquin tribe instead of the Pawnee, appeared before Kloskurbeh, their wise and great teacher. ‘Behold!’ he cried, as he raised his arms toward the great sky—‘behold! when the mighty winds first blew and

the giant waves rose into snow-faced peaks, I, O great Teacher, sprang from the foam as it sparkled when touched by the majestic Sun, and the heat of the Sun gave me life and strength and power. Behold! I shall have command over the plants, the animals, and the birds. Before many moons a maiden shall appear who shall bring me love and happiness.'

"When the month of May glowed, the Moon of Flowers, there arose before Kloskurbeh, the wise teacher, a maiden who said, 'Kloskurbeh, Wise One of the Red Men, I have come to abide with the Youth who sprang from the sea foam. I have brought him strength and love and comfort and the days will come when all the people who shall come to the Earth shall bless me. Even as he was born of the foam of the sea, so I have come from a beautiful plant which shall give food to all Earth Children. Just as the sun shone upon the foam and quickened into life the man whom I am to aid, so did its rays bring warmth to the plant, and in that warmth was life, from which I came.'

"Then did the great teacher, Kloskurbeh, lift up his hands toward the Sun, whose warmth had brought life to the two who should give joy to the world in the years to come, and he lifted his voice in praise

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## *HOW COLOR CAME TO THE WORLD*

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to the Great Spirit. ‘Great Spirit of the Universe,’ he cried, ‘to Thee belongs all praise for these, the first mother and father of the world.’

“Children came to make glad the Earth, but, after many moons had passed, food became scarce in the land and the Earth Mother mourned, for it tore her heart to see her children suffer. Each day at noon she left her husband’s lodge and went far away into the depths of the forest until many hours had passed and the shadows were long. Sometimes her husband sat making birch-bark canoes, painting upon them pictures of the stars and the moon; sometimes he walked with the animals and birds or rode far up the mountain side into the sunset. One day he followed her as she crossed to the other shore. Many hours she was gone, and when she returned she was happy until she remembered that her children hungered. Then she became sad again.

“‘Lift thine eyes toward the glorious ball of the Sun whence cometh heat and life,’ bade her husband. ‘Look up and rejoice, for the Great Spirit will not let our children starve.’

“More and more sorrowful she grew when they reached their lodge that night, for their little children

mourned, ‘We hunger, and are not happy because of no food!’ Then did the Earth Mother say as she wept, ‘In seven moons you shall be filled, so weep not, my children, for soon you shall be happy. Oh, my husband, take my life, for I promise thee that then the Great Spirit will send food and our children shall not suffer!’

“Thereupon her husband mourned, and he traveled to the northland to find their wise teacher, Kloskurbeh, and to take counsel with him. With the seventh rising of the sun from that day, the Earth Husband reached home and his eyes were troubled, as he said, ‘Kloskurbeh, our mighty teacher, has told me to do the thing you wish.’

“Forthwith, with the passing of the life of the First Mother—after seven moons’ time—the fields were filled with beautiful tall plants which the mourning Earth Father called Corn, and all the Earth Children were filled and they rejoiced.

“Then did Kloskurbeh, the great teacher, come, and as he looked at the life-giving plant he said, ‘Behold, all ye people, the First Mother came from the leaf of this beautiful plant and it was the Great Spirit who taught her to say and to do that which she did.



### THE WHALE SHIP

J. M. W. Turner

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

*FROM out the Land of the Very Beginning of Things came the ship with phantom sails, bearing the King of the Land, and the Princess, his daughter. There was no color anywhere, but sea and sky and land were pale with a thick gray mist.*

*The English artist who painted this ship did not care about painting just what he saw before him, making it very exact, but he tried to give his impression of a certain kind of day, like this one with the dense gray fog.*



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## *HOW COLOR CAME TO THE WORLD*

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It has taken place even as she said, for, behold! her power is and shall be felt throughout the whole world, for she has brought food to great and small alike; and we and all who come after us, even the whole world, shall love and bless her.' "

"It is well that you have spoken," murmured the Winds, "for your song has brought us rest and peace and beauty. Now while your eyes, never closing, shine down upon the Earth, ever watchful, listen to one of the many things we Winds have seen."

"Speak on, O Spirits of the Winds," murmured the Stars; "each one of us and even the Moon shall listen."

"Storms and floods we have seen, calms and the sunniest, balmiest of days with just enough wind blowing. Sometimes we sweep across the plains; sometimes we whistle around the cathedral spires and many-storied buildings in mighty cities, and often we howl and shriek high up among the masts of giant ships. Perhaps you would like to know what he saw and did when the Sea itself began. We were busy blowing the gray mists away from the vast dome of the Heavens, at the very beginning of things when the earth was formed, and the sea. We whistled and shrieked and laughed and sighed; but

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## PAN THE PIPER

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blow as hard and as fast as we might, we could not blow the dense mists away, and the sky was gray, and the sea. There was no color on Earth or Sky or Sea.



CENTRAL PARK IN WINTER

William J. Glackens

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

*Of course this is not so pleasing without the intense blue color which helps to make it look like a very cold winter day. But you can enjoy all the little figures—mothers, nursemaids, boys and girls and babies—just as you have often seen them in the Park.*

“Then one day when our North Wind blew, there came from out of the Land of the Mists a long gray ship with phantom sails, and standing in the high

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## *HOW COLOR CAME TO THE WORLD*

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prow a Princess, the Daughter from the Land of the very Beginning of Things. Behind her on the deck stood the King of the land in purple-gray robes, and as his boat glided over the pallid waves he lifted his silver staff and cried: ‘Give heed, all ye Spirits of the Sea, the Land, and the Sky. Give heed! I, the King of the Land of the very Beginning of Things, do offer the Princess, my daughter, to the one of you who shall bring her the gift which pleases her most and offers the greatest joy to the world which is forming. So hear ye, Spirits of the Sky, the Sea, and the Land, and let those who will respond unto my call.’

“We looked upon the glorious Princess, slender and bright with grace and beauty, and we each one wished to win. ‘I will produce a mighty storm,’ cried the North Wind. ‘Snowflakes shall fall in thick white clouds and they shall dance and swirl upon the waters. Mountains of ice shall float like mighty ships upon the sea and the waves shall rise as high; a storm ’twill be of strength and power such as she has never known before.’

“‘I shall cause the fogs and mists to gather,’ chuckled the East Wind, ‘and they shall cover all that

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## PAN THE PIPER

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has been formed—Sea, Sky, and Land—with a thick gray veil such as none can see beyond. Neither will



WINDY DOORSTEP

Abastenia St. L. Eberle

Courtesy of  
The Worcester  
Art Museum

*One of the Winds is blowing very hard and sweeping the skirts of this busy lady to one side in long folds. Can't you just feel the energy and the motion in this little statue?*

the Stars be seen, nor the Moon, nor the Sun, when I have ceased blowing together the meshes of the veil!'

"'I will clear the mists away,' laughed the West Wind, and he took a deep breath and blew until the fogs lifted and the mists dried and the thick gray was torn apart and the pale sun lighted once more a pale

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## *HOW COLOR CAME TO THE WORLD*

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world of different tones of gray and silver, but there was no trace of color anywhere and all was the same as it had been before the winds had blown.

“‘Let me try next,’ smiled our gentle South Wind, and he gayly blew such a soft breeze that flowers came into life upon the earth and queer little slender blades of grass grew upon the soil, but all were gray and colorless.

“Then the King of the Sea lifted up his trident and cried out, ‘Come forth, ye creatures of the deep; come forth, ye Fairies who frolic upon the waters, and dance before the Princess of the Land of the Mists, that she may delight her eyes.’

“So from the very bottom of the Sea came the queerest creatures of the deep—monstrous fishes with shining silver scales, fishes shaped like stars in the sky, and some of the queerest of sea monsters. The Princess opened her eyes in wonder and in joy as the Foam Fairies—all in pure glistening white—danced lightly upon the ever-moving waters.

“‘The Sea is far more lovely than before,’ cried the Princess, for when the South Wind ceased blowing, the Foam Fairies in their lace robes of white still clung to the crests of the waves. ‘South Wind

and King of the Sea, you have brought well-pleasing gifts.'

"'Let all other contestants bring forth their gifts that the Princess may choose from all,' commanded the King of the Land of the Beginning of Things. 'For Time is waiting to begin and thousands and thousands of years are to come.'

"'I, too, have a gift to bring, Fair Princess who came forth from the Mists,' sang a voice from the Sky. 'Behold!'

"And from the pale Sun, which had been sending down its cool light, came a sudden bright radiance which had not been there before. No longer did it shed a cold silver light, quite like to that of the Moon, but a glow like melted gold which changed the sea from its silver gray to a golden glow, and as the Princess gazed up into the Sky she saw its dense gray clear, and the softest blue peep out.

"'It is so beautiful!' she cried, as she stretched out her arms. 'Let it last as long as the world shall last!'

"'It is Color which I bring to you, O Princess who came sailing over the Sea,' said the Sun. 'The Sea and the Sky and the Land have been pale and gray too long. In me are all colors which shall bring



## METROPOLITAN TOWER

Guy C. Wiggins

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

*THIS American artist of to-day has selected a certain time of year and kind of day and just a very little part of the great city of New York. We know that it has been snowing, and we enjoy the contrast of the white snow against the buildings. The leaden sky makes us feel that it is going to snow some more. Just as we saw Rhythm, or Motion, in the curl of Hokusai's Wave, so we see it in the patterns of the smoke. We enjoy, too, the irregular buildings and the towers of the city, hazy against the winter sky. The artist, Mr. Wiggins, has not gone out into the country for his picture, but has found beauty right in the city of New York.*



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## *HOW COLOR CAME TO THE WORLD*

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beauty to the eyes and joy to the souls of the beholders. Let the Princess see now what colors shall glorify the Sky and the Earth and the Water.'

"The Princess watched standing, with eyes shaded by her slender hand, the Sky, the Sea, and the Land. All of us Winds—West, South, North, East—held our very breaths to watch and listen. The King of the Sea rode upon the crest of the highest wave, surrounded by the little Foam Fairies, who draped their lacy, white, shimmering robes in graceful folds upon the waters crowning the waves, and even you Stars ceased your singing and tried to peer through the light of the sky.

"Down poured the wonderful colors, quite changing the silver and gray. The Green Color Fairies floated on the Sun's rays until they reached the Earth, where they danced such a wonderful dance among the soft blades of grass, and everywhere they went with their twinkling feet they left a gorgeous radiance so that the trees and the grass became alive and vivid. Then one of the Fairies bent over and touched the soft flowers which had bloomed, so that the velvet green was brightened here and there with the most delicate pink and yellow and lavender, and

all the many flowers twinkled like you wonderful Stars in the sky.

“The Princess laughed aloud in glee and clapped her delicate hands as she cried, ‘Such beautiful Color Fairies! O Sun, I pray thee let me see more!’

“From out the soft blue sky fluttered the floating garments of the Sky Spirits, and as they peered down into the Sea the very waves reflected them, though in a deeper blue, with here and there a touch of green or yellow, and often shadows of deep purple-blue, making the lacy garments of the Foam Fairies look a purer and more sparkling white.

“‘Watch closely!’ called the Sun, and, behold! as he took his place in the west, close down to the motionful waters, the Sky around grew gold and brilliant red and deep black purple, until all was ablaze with color, and its glory was reflected in the Sea King’s realm, in the midst of which shone a path as of beaten gold leading from the Sun himself even to the boat of the Princess, which also had taken color. Brown became its high prow and flaming red its well-filled sail, while the Princess herself was even more gracious, with hair of gold and floating turquoise mantle. ‘Hail, O Sun!’ she cried, ‘thou



### THE ÆGEAN SEA

Frederic E. Church

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

*H*ERE is the Rainbow Arch, the gift of the Sun to the World! I can just hear you say, "What is a rainbow without color?" We shall have to imagine the colors—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet.

At first our American landscape artists thought they must paint very grand subjects with ruins of Greek temples or, when they painted scenes of their own country, something very big, like Niagara Falls. They painted very truthful pictures of what they saw before them, with great expanses of sky and field and hills and water, but they didn't put into their pictures much of themselves, and they didn't know how to select a certain kind of day and place, a "mood" in landscape.



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## *HOW COLOR CAME TO THE WORLD*

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hast pleased me most, and thou shalt bring the greatest joy to the Earth People. No longer is the world a silver gray, but vibrant with many perfect colors, all coming from thee and blended until each is in harmony with its neighbor. The people who are to come upon the Earth shall rejoice, for it will gladden their eyes and their hearts in the many days to come. Thou shalt take me to thy home!"

"So, aided by her father, the King of the Land of the Very Beginning of Things, the Princess stepped from her high-prowed boat and sped lightly up the golden path to the waiting arms of the victorious Sun.

"'Thus let it be!' sighed the Winds and the Sea King. 'Thou hast been victorious, O Sun. Soft breezes, a gentle sea, and a cloudless sky we will give as gifts on this, thy day of union with the Princess who came in her high-prowed boat from out of the Mists.' The West Wind blew a gentle blast, the South Wind quickened more color-bright flowers into life. The shimmering waves reflected the sky and all the colors which came from the victorious Sun as the Princess was welcomed, and at that very moment an arch, bright with all colors placed so that

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## PAN THE PIPER

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each merged into the other—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet, spanned the sky—the wedding arch of the conquering Sun and the beautiful Princess who came across the Sea.

“Then spoke the Sun. ‘Thy daughter hast chosen me, O King, and this Rainbow Arch shall be our gift to the world. After a shower has sent down its cooling rain, this bow of Color shall appear as a promise of harvests, and prosperous, happy living, as a symbol of better things.’

“Thus, shining silver Stars, came color to the Earth; and to the Sun the Earth People owe the many tones of green, brown, yellow, orange, red; the purple of the distant hills, the soft blue in the sky, and the brilliant colors at dawn and at dusk, the deep blues and greens of the Sea. Multitudes of other stories we could tell—we who visit all countries and all peoples at all times. We frolic with the clouds, tease the boys and girls, chase the birds, but most often we sport with the ever-changing and ever-moving waves, calling forth their many moods: Sometimes

“Gray is the sky and cold with rain  
And dark the storm-tossed waves.



### THE EDGE OF THE WOODS

Théodore Rousseau

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

**T**HIS is one of the places of which the Winds spoke: "We shall blow upon the still green places in the woods!" I think you will like the wind clouds in the sky, the great mass of foliage on your right balanced by the cluster of slender trees on the left, the path leading into the woods. Although you cannot see the colors here, you know there are many shades of green, especially a deep, cool green, and even without the color you get something of the feeling of the woods.



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## *HOW COLOR CAME TO THE WORLD*

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The North Wind shrieks, the East Wind blows  
Across the gray, wet plain.  
Aha! laughs the Spirit of the Sea,  
'A triumphant time I'll have;  
I'll ruffle the clouds and threaten the ships,  
Till they cry out for mercy to me.'  
But the West Wind hears and the warm South gales,  
And they drive the cold away;  
The chill winds leave with the damp gray fog,  
And each boat swings on gladsome sail.  
Sing ho! for the frolicsome, purple-blue waves  
Decked with the foam-white lace.  
Sing ho! for the glistening yellow-green elves  
Who leap from the deep-sea caves.  
Sing ho! for the warmth of the golden sun,  
And the arch of the soft blue sky,  
When the gentle winds blow, it has ever been so,  
Since all things in the world were begun."

"We have liked your story, Winds, but the sky is darkening now, and we must shine with all our strength to light the Earth. We shall look to-night upon the silent, shadowed fields, and there is beauty in the light and dark as well as in the color; we shall shine upon homes and churches, and upon the silent Dawn when it comes with its brightness to greet the Eastern Sky."

"We shall blow upon the still green places in the

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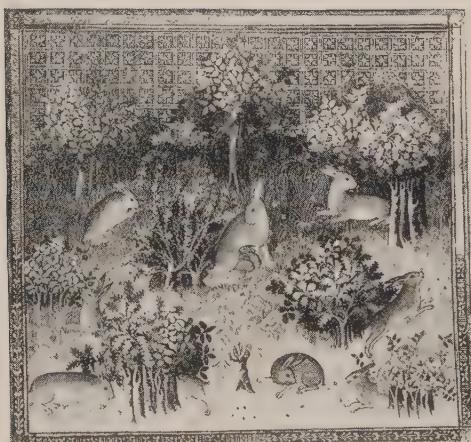
*PAN THE PIPER*

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woods," shouted the Winds; "upon vast plains of shining sands, and we shall even find beauty when we hurry down the city streets, in the purple of their pavements, strange with shadowed patterns, the rhythm of the smoke curling high, the crowds of people, many-colored in their robes, with here and there a cluster of rainbow-bright balloons. There is beauty everywhere and everyone can find and claim it, for all—rich and poor alike—may see and enjoy. And to us who have lived and seen since the very Beginning of Things belongs the power to see and hear and tell all things."



# AROUND THE CAMP FIRE OF THE ANIMALS





# *Around the Camp Fire of the Animals*

## *INTRODUCTION*

**B**ESESIDES some of the real and famous people in India about three hundred years ago, I wonder whether you would not like also to meet some of the animals of that far-away land, especially the elephant, since he had so much to do with the lives of the people, and especially with a very daring ride which the Empress, Nur Jahan, took in the midst of all sorts of dangers.

Once before we have given the animals a chance to talk when with the other carved folk they jumped through the frame of a landscape picture and played among the trees on a sun-warmed hillside. I thought it would be rather good fun to give them a chance again, for I am quite sure they have many thoughts and ever so many adventures not only among them-

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## INTRODUCTION

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*selves, but having to do with man; and some of them help make history.*

*You know it takes a long while to learn a new language and you have to study hard before you can understand people who speak it. Unfortunately, we haven't books on the language of the animals and the birds, and it's only those with understanding hearts and minds who could ever know even the tiniest bit of what they have to say.*

*But if we have those understanding hearts and listen very hard, I think perhaps the animals will let us hear them speak. They may be a little hard to understand at first, but if you listen closely it will be easier as the time goes on; and watch especially for the mention of the great Indian Empress, Nur Jahan!*



## Around the Camp Fire of the Animals



"**A**ST thou ever felt a howdah upon thy back?" asked the Biggest of the Elephants, breaking the silence which had lasted for many minutes in the jungle of the Punjab about three centuries ago.

Above, the deep night blue of the sky was silvered by the moon.

The rustle of the tall jungle grass could be heard in the stirring of the warm night wind, and the bamboo stems hit upon one another. The cries of the birds, the scratching of the bats' claws in the trees or bushes, mingled with the queer rustling noises in the leaves and grass as a restless snake changed its position. The tall bushes, the feathery bamboo, the overhanging vines and the creepers of the thickets, the thick and heavy foliage, all made little rustling, musical sounds as the warm breeze moved them.

"Art thou going to tell a story?" whined the Jackal, beating the underbrush with his bushy tail. "Begin, and I will lie here on this soft bed and listen. But, O Biggest of Elephants, I pray thee to lie down as well, for otherwise thy monstrous back blocks my view of the purple sky, and thou knowest what an eye I have for color!"

"Thou impudent one!" snorted the Biggest of Elephants. "Thou dependest upon thy size to keep thee from punishment, knowing well that we Big Creatures of the Jungle could not harm such little folk as thou! But keep to thy place with the other small ones of the jungle forest, else thou shalt not

## *AROUND THE CAMP FIRE OF ANIMALS*

stay near enough to hear the secrets and tales which the Big Creatures know. Does this meet with ap-



ANIMALS

Persian miniature showing Chinese influence, A.D. 1262

*Aren't these the most delightful of animals, having such a jolly time together, and really moving so very quickly, although perhaps all their bones and muscles are not in just the right place! But everyone will agree that they fill the space in a very pleasing way, and form a decorative pattern with the plump old tree in the background!*

proval, O Jungle Folk?" he trumpeted, turning his big head from side to side.

"Thus it shall be!" bellowed all the other elephants,

who were lying down one after another on the soft forest floor.

“Some day I shall forget and slay him!” snarled the great Tiger, whose eyes shone from out the bushes like two great emeralds.

“He is always playing some prank on us!” howled the Wolves, who were also listening, and it would have fared ill with Master Jackal had not the Biggest of Elephants decided to begin.

“No camp fire of burning logs we need,” he remarked, as he slowly and with great dignity took his place upon the ground, the last in the long row of elephants. “The moonlight is brighter than it has been for a long time past—as long ago as the last jungle meeting. Brother Elephant, thou who hast joined us but lately and art a newcomer among us, I asked thee a question which thou wouldest have answered at the time of asking, had not the sly creature at my right, whose tail I can see thumping up and down within the brush, interrupted thee. I beg thee to speak now.”

“Many a time have I felt a howdah upon my back,” answered the new arrival in the jungle, “and often has my mahout ridden me astride just behind my

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*AROUND THE CAMP FIRE OF ANIMALS*

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ears. Since it is the custom at a jungle meeting to entertain with stories of adventure—just as the mahouts do around their jungle fire—I'll tell a tale that will make the big ears of my brother elephants stand on end. Since I am a guest, however, let others speak first while we listen to the jungle roars and whispers, and watch the camp fire made by moonlight."

A Tiger jumped out into the silver light which made his broad stripes more vivid than ever, and told of how he had been captured by Man when he was only a Tiger-cub.

The moonlight still silvered the forest, the night wind still moved its dense growth, the animals and the birds talked and chattered among themselves and sent out their jungle calls. The Wolf, the Panther, and even the offending Jackal each told some tale or other before the Big Stranger Elephant would begin. At length he rolled into the light and started.

"My story is one which I have often heard my honored father tell, of how the Empress Nur Jahan led her troops across a wide river in the midst of the enemy's fire. You will remember, those of you who are grown"—with a contemptuous look at the Jackal, and the Monkey who was clinging with one hand to

the dense foliage above and peering down at them with an impudent look—"of hearing your parents tell of the Emperor Jahangir, the royal husband of Nur Jahan, the father of Shah Jahan, our late Emperor, who builded the glorious Taj Mahal, and grandfather of our present Emperor. Well do I know that the jungle wilds have many ears, yet I dare to say, 'Would that we had a ruler good and just like the noble Akbar or his grandson Shah Jahan!'"

"Aye! thou speakest true!" growled all the big forest animals, their roars mingled with the high notes of the smaller ones and the chirpings of the birds; while from the thicket came the roar of the King of the Tigers, who was on the watch for prey, yet near enough to listen to the Stranger Elephant's story. "Aye!" they roared once more.

"Well," continued the Stranger Elephant, giving a crouching, sleepy Panther a push with his trunk that sent him crashing into the underbrush right on to the sulky Jackal's tail, and then rolling himself into a more comfortable position—"well, you all know that Nur Jahan had been the wife of ——"

"The Tiger-slayer!" growled the Tiger, his great

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*AROUND THE CAMP FIRE OF ANIMALS*

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green eyes flashing. "I am descended from a Tiger whom he slew ; but it was in equal fight in the jungle,



SHAH JAHAN ON AN ELEPHANT

Indian miniature, School of Shah Jahan

*The Indian artists were more daring than the Persian, and made portraits of their emperors and nobles, some of them seated upon very real-looking elephants and horses.*

and the man was unarmed and matched his strength against that of my ancestor, without the spears and other weapons which men use against us now ! But pray continue, Brother Elephant!"

“When at last he was slain through the jealousy of the Emperor Jahangir, his wife was taken to the royal palace where she was made the Empress, not knowing that the Emperor had been responsible for the death of her husband. Her name was changed to Nur Jahan, ‘The Light of the World,’ and she began to control the Emperor and the Empire.”

“She liked not the Emperor’s son, Shah Jahan, so I’ve heard tell,” mumbled one of the crouching elephants, slowly opening his big eyes.

“That she did not,” returned the Stranger Elephant, “for she found he had plans to seize the throne. At last she persuaded the Emperor that this was so, and Mohabet Khan, the imperial general, advanced with his troops from the Punjab in the north, joined the royal army, and defeated Shah Jahan. Then did the Empress Nur Jahan show ingratitude, for she feared the victorious general’s influence with Jahangir, her Emperor, and she wanted to be all-powerful; and, contrary to the laws of the jungle, mankind—even sovereigns—allow ingratitude to sway their deeds. In the jungle we never forget, but show our gratitude even to man.”

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## *AROUND THE CAMP FIRE OF ANIMALS*

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"Never shall we forget the hunter who saved my oldest cub from death by strangling, when the monstrous serpent wound itself around him," murmured a Mother Lion, caressing a baby lion with her huge paw. "He is safe with all the jungle animals!"

"With man it is sometimes different," said the Stranger Elephant, "and Nur Jahan persuaded the Emperor that his general, Mohabet Khan, was not loyal to him, and he summoned him to court. Angered at the ingratitude of a sovereign whom he had often helped to hold his throne, the general answered the Emperor's summons, followed by five thousand Rajputs devoted to him as their leader.

"Jahangir and his 'Light of the World' were encamped on their way to Kashmere, which Jahangir called 'a garden of eternal spring, . . . a delightful flower bed. . . . In the soul-enchanting spring the hills and plains are filled with blossoms; the gates, the walls, the courts, the roofs are lighted up by the torches of banquet-adorning tulips.' "<sup>1</sup>

"To think that so big an animal as thou shouldst like and remember such beautiful words!" mocked the Jackal, who had not ventured to speak for some

<sup>1</sup> From the *Memoirs of Jahangir*.

time. "I thought it was only we smaller forest folk who were able to enjoy the finer things."

Such a disturbance followed! The Elephants trumpeted until they set the whole forest to shrieking, the Tigers roared so fiercely that the shadowy bats flew away with dismal flapping of their wings; the Wolves howled in high derision, and a big Panther, leaning over, cuffed the offending Jackal as she would her cub. When the echoes of the trumpetings, the roarings, the snarlings, the whinings, the shriekings, and chattering had died away, the Stranger Elephant continued.

"Know, Jackal, that we larger jungle animals are often of superior intelligence, which my tale will show, unless thy interruption comes again. When Mohabet Khan arrived near the Emperor's camp, a messenger told him that he would not be admitted to the presence of his ruler until he had accounted for the charges made against him. Angered, yet still hoping for justice from the Emperor, he sent his son-in-law to complain of his treatment, but his messenger was ill treated and insulted. Imagine, Jungle Brothers, how you would have felt if you had sent your children to speak for you and they had been ill

treated! Just so felt this father. He resolved to attack the camp with his five thousand soldiers, capture the Emperor, force him to hear what he had to say, and treat him with justice. The Imperial camp was on the banks of a river across which was built a bridge of boats. When the army of Jahangir commenced its march, the Emperor remained in his royal tent, planning to follow with his guard in a leisurely manner. Behold! As soon as the royal troops had crossed the bridge, Mohabet Khan advanced with his many followers, set fire to the bridge, and so cut off Jahangir's retreat. Followed by his Rajput soldiers, the general reached the royal tent, overcame the guards and the nobles, and advanced to the inner tent, where at last he faced his ungrateful sovereign. 'What meaneth this, Mohabet Khan!' demanded Jahangir. Touching the ground and then his forehead, Mohabet replied, 'Plotted against by my enemies, I put myself under the protection of my Emperor who once was my friend.' Then he ordered the Emperor to mount, and away they rode, surrounded by the Rajput warriors, until the royal prisoner was safe within Mohabet's tent.

"But they had reckoned without the Empress, who

had long controlled the affairs of state. She had escaped, crossing the stream on one of us, and joined the Imperial army. They decided to ford the river, attack the rebel general, and rescue the Emperor. But dangerous and treacherous were the deep pools, and when the army reached the other shore they were wet and discouraged and their powder was damp. Among the first to land, I have heard my father say, was the Empress Nur Jahan, herself undaunted and giving courage to the men. Mounted upon one of us, an Elephant of great size and strength, holding in her lap her baby granddaughter—no older than yonder baby Elephants—and disguised, she met the foe. Balls tore holes in her gorgeous howdah canopy, and arrows hit against the gold and precious stones. Then—and mark ye, mothers—an arrow wounded the little human cub resting in her lap!"

"O-o-h-h!" moaned the Jungle Mothers, as they reached out with their paws over their Jungle Children to see whether they were safe. "She must have felt the way we do when the hunters' spears and arrows fall all around us and sometimes hit our cubs!"



#### BATTLE SCENE

Persian Miniature, A.D. 1539

**H**ERE we are looking again at a Persian picture where the men on horseback are not portraits of real men and the horses are surely not as true to nature as the elephants in the last picture.



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*AROUND THE CAMP FIRE OF ANIMALS*

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"Still undaunted, the Empress Nur Jahan stood in her howdah, waved a scarf to encourage the royal troops, and cried out, 'For your Emperor and your Empress!' Swift and sure she sent her arrows, too, and many of her enemies fell beneath them, but her followers were overcome. The noble Elephant who bore her was wounded many times, but he never wavered. He was a descendant of the warrior Elephants who met the great Greek general Alexander two thousand years ago. An arrow sang close by the Elephant's ears, another and another, and soon the mahout was slain. But the great Elephant went on obeying the least command of his mistress, until, terribly wounded and knowing he could not hold out much longer, he plunged into the river. Down he sank, his strength going, but when the battle-stained waters had almost reached the howdah, he made a last valiant effort, plunging blindly in his attempt to keep the Empress and the baby above the stream, and so was carried down the river, at last reaching shore with his brave mistress, Nur Jahan, wounded but safe."

"I can just see her cleansing the wounds of her little cub!" purred a Mother Tiger as she cleaned

the face of one of her children with her rough tongue.

“But what happened then?” asked the Big Panther, made wide awake by his interest in the tale.

“Nur Jahan joined the Emperor, and Mohabet Khan, like the brave and generous leader he was—knowing full well that once the Empress was released she would plot against him—set his royal prisoners free. Many other plottings followed, but they were interrupted by the sudden death of Jahan-gir, and his son, Shah Jahan, returned to Agra as ruler, and the power of Nur Jahan ceased.”

“But who was the brave Elephant whose strength and devotion enabled the Empress to escape her foes that day?” questioned several of the Jungle Folk together.

“My honored father,” came the answer from the Stranger Elephant.

Then up rose the Biggest of Elephants in all his dignity and power. “Stranger Elephant thou art no more,” he said. “Thou whose ancestors have among them one who has warred against Alexander the Great and another who has borne upon his back the greatest of rulers, deserves a place of honor among

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*AROUND THE CAMP FIRE OF ANIMALS*

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the Jungle People. Thou shalt be Chief Councilor and preside over our moonlight meetings. Do you all agree, O Brothers?"

"Aye!" came the answer from the many Jungle Folk, spoken in many different tones, from the deep voice of the fiercest Tiger to the high little squeak of the tiniest baby cub.

The Biggest of Elephants wound his long trunk around that of their new jungle friend, and they lay down side by side. Still the silver light of the moon filled the forest, still could be heard the jungle calls, and still the tall grass swayed gently in the breeze.



MOONLIGHT  
MOVING PICTURES





# *Moonlight Moving Pictures*

## *INTRODUCTION*

*I*T wasn't an invitation written or printed such as we are accustomed to receive; I think it must have come by wireless straight to the ears of the little flying Mercury, the messenger who had carried so many messages to the gods in the olden days, and whose winged sandals and cap have lost none of their power. And it must have been that Mercury flitted lightly through the air that night, and whispered the invitation he had received to a few of the boys and girls who had been still so long, ever since the living boys and girls had last wished them alive. This time the call came from way over across the seas from the picture children of the artists who had lived many years ago.

“You picture children of the artists who live to-

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## INTRODUCTION

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*day," Mercury whispered, "are invited to a great festival of the artists who lived yesterday, to be held at Versailles, France, to-morrow night. By the fastest airship ever dreamed of you shall go, and you will start when the first long shadows gather, and be back in your places the very next morning, so swiftly will you travel. It was left to me to select two boys and two girls, and I have chosen the Little Dancing Maiden, the Girl with the Gazelles, the Boy with the Canoe, and the Boy from In the Garden. So prepare yourselves in spirit for this big festival time, but show not by word or by glance that this invitation has come to you, else you will unduly attract the attention of the curious passer-by, and perhaps be removed for inspection! Remember, too, the courtesy and respect you owe the artists whom you will meet from the Olden Time and represent well the artists of To-day who made you live. I wish that I, too, might go, but I must remain, though there will be many to welcome you.*

*"Little do the living people know what good times we pictured folk can have; what rare good times, for there are hours when we can bridge the Past and enjoy those who have carved and used the brush be-*

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## *INTRODUCTION*

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*fore, and sometimes even come to know the people they have made. So heed ye, O boys and girls of living artists, this message I have given you. Tomorrow night when the first long shadows gather, listen for my call!"*



## Moonlight Moving Pictures



T **T** wasn't so bad a passage, after all!" chuckled the Boy with the Canoe. "If only Earth People could travel as quickly, they'd all be doing it. What a wonderful wood we are in, with such giant oak trees making long avenues up and down and right and left! They go up so high they almost touch that winking star up there!"

"Sh-h!" whispered the Girl with the Gazelles, "There's some one coming down that long avenue of trees. Why, they are all boys and girls, with not a single grown-up among them!"

"Hm!" sniffed the Dancing Maiden, "you can't tell the difference between a girl and a boy! They're all boys, only they have on long robes something like

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## *MOONLIGHT MOVING PICTURES*

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girls' dresses, the way the Greeks dressed, you know. I wonder who they are! Let's all call together, 'Hello!' But I don't suppose they speak English."

"Hello!" came back the shout, greatly to their surprise. "We are sent by Messer Botticelli, the Master of Ceremonies, to conduct you to the banquet table. You may call us the Singing Boys, and you'll know why before the evening is over."

On they walked rather slowly that they might enjoy the height of the trees, the shining stars, the shadowy arches among the oaks. Not long was it before they saw near the entrance to the wood and not far from a great fountain, which was sending its waters straight up into the white moonlight, a long table garlanded and festooned with leaves and flowers. Around it were standing—each in his place—a company of men and women, who bowed and smiled as the newcomers drew near.

"You found them with no trouble, I see," smiled a tall, slender gentleman, wearing a long scarlet cape over his shoulders and a close-fitting scarlet cap upon his head. "Your places are here, opposite me, and as soon as you are seated I am going to tell you just why you have been transplanted here. First, how-

ever, in the name of all here met, I welcome you boys and girls from the United States of America, not only to France, but to all of the countries on this side of the big sea.

“I, Sandro Botticelli, a Florentine artist of the time of the powerful Medici princes who were always ready to help artists and poets, have been summoned to preside over this gathering of artists of many years ago, where old friends may meet once more, and where we may come to know and understand those who lived not in our time. It was furthermore the desire of the illustrious gentleman at my right, that certain pictured boys and girls from the young republic of the United States of America should be present, that they might judge which pictures of those they shall see they enjoy the most. And he whose master mind planned this and made it known to all of us is no other than the famed Lorenzo de Medici of Florence, still the friend and patron of artist souls as he was in the days when he held his court in the beautiful City of Flowers. All hail to Duke Lorenzo!”

“We are very glad to see you, Sir,” answered the Boy with the Canoe. (Of course he didn’t have the



### CANTORIA, SINGING GALLERY

Luca della Robbia

Cathedral Museum, Florence

*FROM throbbing throats comes the joyous sound, soaring out and up into  
the great cathedral, one of the boys beating time on his companion's  
shoulder.*



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## *MOONLIGHT MOVING PICTURES*

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canoe with him then, but we call him that because he always did have one in the picture.) At that he was going to sit down in the gilded chair, when the Dancing Maiden caught him by the arm and hastily whispered something in his ear. "We've all read about you, Sir," he added, "and about Mr. Botticelli, and we thank you for calling us here to-night."

The great Lorenzo stood to his full height. "Welcome, little friends," he said, and although his voice was harsh in sound, his smile was kindly. "It is most fitting that we meet at Versailles, the meeting place, of late, of men from all the world who gathered to solve world problems. And not only are my artists here, but those from many other countries. But the moments pass—so on with the festival, Sandro Botticelli, for we must send you back to your places before the red dawn comes, for only until then may we live. Let each moment of this festive night be as a whole hour of other nights."

Light-footed maidens in colorful robes brought food and drink in golden and jeweled dishes made by skilled goldsmiths from many lands. Fountains sent their silver water up even higher than the highest oak tree, and the moonlight and the starlight with their

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## *PAN THE PIPER*

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countless rays danced upon them until every drop of water seemed alive in the glowing light. The gentlest breezes stirred the great avenues of trees to the softest of whisperings, and now and then eyes wandered toward the overarching trees, as if picturing just how it must have looked down the long arched roads when kings and queens of France, brilliant in satins and jewels, and followed by many of their court, walked slowly along. They could have dreamed on forever, had not Messer Botticelli interrupted them.

“Seconds, minutes flit past,” he said, “and our festival time is short. Watch closely near those tallest trees where the moon’s light is the brightest.”

“Just one moment, please, dear Mr. Botticelli,” cried the Girl with the Gazelles, rising from her seat. “I cannot keep them quiet!” She clapped her hands sharply together, and off among the oak trees bounded the gazelles and were soon lost among the shadows.

Then the Master of Ceremonies, Sandro Botticelli, once more held up his hand, and every eye was turned to where a big screen of light appeared against the trees.

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## *MOONLIGHT MOVING PICTURES*

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“Why, it’s like the moving pictures!” exclaimed the Boy from In the Garden. He had seen a moving picture taken in his Museum.

“These are Moonlight Moving Pictures,” laughed the friendly Duke.

“I can see people and color now!” whispered the Dancing Maiden, almost sitting upon the table in her eagerness to see. “Sh-h!”

Slowly but surely the figures took shape, and just as there was formed a complete picture His Highness the Duke took his place at Botticelli’s side.

“These moonlight pictures are for the joy of us all. Each one of the makers of painted and carved pictures in the past has the power to show us to-night one of his works—whichever one each may choose—and, you boys and girls from far-away America, we wish to select the one which pleases you the most.”

“O-o-h! Just think of telling the other Museum children all about this!” they whispered, fairly dazzled, not only by the moonbeams, but by the honor which was theirs. Each straightened to his full height. The Dancing Maiden spread out her wide skirt until every fold was in place; the Canoe Boy sat way forward on the very tip of his gilded chair;

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## *PAN THE PIPER*

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the Boy from In the Garden scarcely moved in his excitement; the Girl with the Gazelles quite forgot where she was, in the presence of so many distinguished people, and spun round and round until she sank down out of breath, just as the Duke cried out: "The first picture is complete. Attention, please!"

"It is very beautiful," whispered the children, and the children in the picture smiled at them. Three of them there were, in such a beautiful meadow, with the big, fat trees in the back, and right in the front a boy no bigger than the Boy from In the Garden, with his arms around his little shy, barefooted sister. Quite close to them, at the side, and leaning against a great rock, was the daintiest of maidens in a soft, light dress with beads around her neck just the color of her cheeks. The boy looked straight out of the picture.

"It's fine to see you," he said. "We are glad to come for you to see, and I wonder if you'll choose us? We are English children."

"It will be so hard to choose," murmured the Dancing Maiden. "We never shall agree!"

The picture faded away, and when the moon's rays



THE GLEANERS

Jean François Millet

Louvre, Paris

*M*R. MILLET understood and sympathized with everyday working people, and has painted in this picture the beauty and poetry of everyday work. There is the beauty of space and form and line.



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## *MOONLIGHT MOVING PICTURES*

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shone brightly again, they saw no boys and girls, but a vast golden field stretching back ever so far, with wagons of corn and great stacks and bundles of it. Bending over and picking up ears and husks that had been left behind were three French peasant women, looking so very real that the children were not a bit surprised when they straightened their backs and then leaned over again with the same big curves.

“Why—they are really beautiful, even though they are just doing their everyday work in the fields!” murmured the Girl with the Gazelles, surprised, and she did not see the glances which the long-ago artists exchanged.

“When the light and the colors changed, as another artist held up his hand, they found themselves looking not at great oak trees, but at more delicate feathery ones, and beneath the arched branches at such wonderful colors of the southern Italian sky, at the purple of the distant mountains and the soft rose of the sunset clouds. As they looked, from beneath the shadowed trees danced graceful nymphs, and as they listened they could hear the music of their song and they could just make out the words:

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## PAN THE PIPER

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"O trees, with the earliest green of springtime hours,  
And all spring's pale and tender violets!  
O grove, so dark the proud sun only lets  
His blithe rays gild the outskirts of thy towers!  
O pleasant countryside!"<sup>1</sup>

One after another the moonlight pictures came, each with its charm of line, of color, and of form. Then came a softening of the moon's rays and from the distance a harmony of sounds so sweet that even the birds ceased their singing to listen.

"I hear trumpets!" cried the Canoe Boy. "And drums!" added the Boy from In the Garden. "And soft music like lullabies," breathed the Dancing Maiden, while the Girl with the Gazelles said nothing, but just looked and looked, until the other children and all the many guests looked, too. "They are the very boys who met us!" she cried. "Only now they are singing and playing boys!"

First came little dancing children, so full of life and fun and the joy of living that they were almost bubbling over. Trumpeters blew upon their long trumpets, puffing out their cheeks with every breath. Boys beat in perfect rhythm upon their drums until

<sup>1</sup> From one of Petrarch's Sonnets.



### CANTORIA, SINGING GALLERY

Luca della Robbia

Cathedral Museum, Florence

*I*N the headband of this story you saw the carved pictures of Luca della Robbia's wonderful Singing Gallery; this is the panel on the left with the trumpeters puffing out their cheeks as they blow and the children dancing in joy. We can almost hear those loud trumpet blasts, and we can surely see the splendid grouping of the figures, and the beauty of line and form.



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## *MOONLIGHT MOVING PICTURES*

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the whole air was filled with sound. But as they marched and danced and swung with the rhythmic step straight out of the moonlight picture into the Shadow Land beyond, there followed tall and lithe-some maidens, light upon their feet, the folds of their long, loose robes swinging with every graceful movement, and playing softly upon harps and lyres as they sang. Close upon them were the choristers with their open books and throbbing throats and open mouths from which were coming a wondrous song. In perfect time they were, one beating out the rhythm upon his companion's shoulder, and these were the words of the song:

“Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in His  
Sanctuary: praise Him in the firmament  
Of His power.  
Praise Him for His mighty acts: praise Him  
According to His excellent greatness.  
Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet:  
Praise Him with the psaltery and harp.  
Praise Him with the timbrel and dance:  
Praise Him with stringed instruments and organs.  
Praise Him upon the loud cymbals: Praise Him  
Upon the high-sounding cymbals.  
Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.  
Praise ye the Lord.”

“And they’re doing it with the trumpets!” sang the Girl with the Gazelles.

“And the harps!” whispered the Dancing Maiden.  
“And the graceful dancing!”

“There are the cymbals with their clashing and their ringing!” added the Canoe Boy, as the last of the music children rushed forward and with a playful smile clashed merrily upon his cymbals.

“It is a beautiful hymn to the Creator,” reverently said the Grand Duke Lorenzo, as all the music-makers returned to the moonlight and held their places just as they were in the real carved pictures.

“Even when they are still they look just as if they were going to sing,” said the Boy from In the Garden.

“And dance and play upon their harps,” sang the Dancing Maiden. “And make deep sounds upon their drums and trumpets,” added the Canoe Boy.  
“And cymbals!” laughed the Girl with the Gazelles.

While the air was still ringing with music, once more the glorious fountains played and once more the serving maidens passed golden dishes heaped high with mellow fruits. As they ate, one after another of the artists from the Time Gone By held up his hand for the moonlight pictures, and there appeared

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## *MOONLIGHT MOVING PICTURES*

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a French mother and her babies, the love on the mother's face shining right out in the moonlight, while all except the mother and her babies was shadowed, warm and brown. Then a French clown stood and looked at them, surrounded by other circus members, and they just wished he would amuse them with his tricks. He looked so very willing, too, but just then Duke Lorenzo and Sandro Botticelli shook their heads. "Hours pass," they said. "Just one other picture will we show."

"I smell spring flowers!" sniffed the Dancing Maiden. "And green grass and orange trees!"

"I see green grass and violets and irises and daisies!" exulted the Boy from In the Garden.

"I hear voices!" trilled the Girl with the Gazelles. "And tinkling laughter!"

"And here they come," rejoiced the Canoe Boy; "all dancing over the deep green grass among the bright flowers and in and out among the beautiful fruit trees."

Between the tree trunks the softest blue of the Italian sky peered out, and against the dark foliage the mellow fruits gleamed like golden balls. Round and round and in and out the three maidens in their

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PAN THE PIPER

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gold-embroidered robes danced, passing quite near to Venus, the Goddess of Love and Beauty, who



SPRING

Sandro Botticelli

Academy, Florence

*Isn't this a happy grouping of dainty and graceful figures, making a beautiful pattern against the background of tree trunks and dark-green foliage brightened by golden fruits? It is surely a "song of the springtime"!*

smiled such a tender smile at the beauties of the springtime.

"It is Spring," chanted the flower-decked maiden, who looked like the very spirit of Spring and seemed to belong to the woods. "It is Spring, and the soft

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## *MOONLIGHT MOVING PICTURES*

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breezes are blowing from out of the woods, and the flowers are smiling in welcome. Sing and rejoice, for it is Spring, when the whole world is young!"

"This picture makes music, too, although there are no trumpets nor drums nor harps," breathed the children. "It is all full of graceful and musical lines, and the very trees and the flowers are singing."

"I see you are having a good time," spoke the man at the left in the picture, "but you don't seem to recognize me."

"It's Mercury, the great messenger, who brought us the invitation for to-night," they cried. "We do know you, even if you have a different form!"

Dimmer grew the brightness of the flowers, and fainter the light in the sky, while the deep green took on a shade of gray as the figures of Spring danced out behind the trees, and as they went Mercury quoted:

"Spring passes, and with her Venus,  
And the winged harbinger of Venus  
Steps on before; close upon the zephyr's footsteps  
Flora, their mother, strewing all the way before them,  
Covers it with rarest colors and odors."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From Poliziani's "Giostra."

"It is like music, and like poetry, too," sighed the Girl with the Gazelles, as "Springtime" slowly faded from view. "It makes me feel glad inside."

"Then has it served the purpose by bringing a message of beauty and of joy to the world," smiled its maker, Sandro Botticelli. "We artists of the Days Which are Past wish now to see a picture by some living artist from your land that you would like to show. Just think very hard which one 'twill be, and then you, too, will have the power to produce it before our eyes. What shall it be?"

The short brown hair of the Boy from In the Garden, the close-cropped head of the one with the canoe, the soft curling locks of the Dancing Maiden and the longer ones of the Girl with the Gazelles, were very close to one another for a while, and their attitudes were tense.

"We have it!" announced the four, with great satisfaction. "We are all agreed."

"All of you think of it as you look at the screen of moonlight," suggested Duke Lorenzo, and soon the picture will appear."



MOTHER AND CHILD

Mary Cassatt

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

*THIS is the picture the boys and girls who went from our country to Versailles called forth upon the screen, a picture painted by one of our own women artists. There is no question but that this baby looks real.*



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## MOONLIGHT MOVING PICTURES

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“I see her toes,” giggled the Dancing Maiden, “and her knees!”

“Her mother is there now,” whispered the Boy from In the Garden, “and I’m glad, for I know how much I should miss not having my mother in the picture.”

“Some one painted it who knows all about children, their plump little bodies, their dimples, and their eyes which seem to look far ahead into the future. What man made this beautiful picture you have shown us?” asked one of the artists at the long banquet table.

“H-m-m!” chuckled the Girl with the Gazelles, “a *woman*, named Mary Cassatt, painted this picture! We have many famous women artists, and many of them are mothers and so know all about babies and how much a mother loves them.”

“Our Italian artists knew about mothers and babies, too,” said the Duke, softly. “The madonnas are really Italian mothers and their babies, the little *bambini* whom they saw in the mothers’ arms. Let the great painter, Botticelli, our toastmaster, show one of his.”

The artist raised his hand and the moonlight screen

changed its shape and its square corners became rounded until a perfect circle of light appeared, and within it the Holy Mother who looked at the Holy Child, the little *bambino* on her lap, with just the same mother love that the American mother had shown. Even though the shining crown was being placed upon her head by the gladsome angels, she was just a human mother, after all.

"Their backs are curved to fit the circle and it's very beautiful," the children cried; "all mothers and all babies are!"

"Across the sky the first faint pink of the morning is coming," warned Sandro Botticelli. "Our festival night is drawing to a close. Children from Across the Seas, choose now the picture which has pleased you most, and the maker of it shall take you to his land before the sun's rays are really pouring down upon the Earth. One moment you shall have to speak together of the moonlight picture which has pleased the greatest number. We await your pleasure."

Eagerly the children talked among themselves, then stepped forward the Boy with the Canoe.

"We have liked all your moonlight pictures, Sir



### MADONNA OF THE MAGNIFICAT

Sandro Botticelli  
Uffizi Gallery, Florence

*WITHIN this beautiful circular frame of fruit and flowers sits a Holy Mother and a Holy Child; yet, after all, we are looking at a real mother and a very real child! I think you will like the way the backs of the figures are bent to fit into the curve of the circular space they have to fill and the soft little landscape in the background.*



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## *MOONLIGHT MOVING PICTURES*

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Artists, and it's hard to say which one has pleased us most. At first we felt that we must choose Mr. Botticelli's 'Springtime,' with the dainty flowers and the golden fruit upon the trees and the dancing ladies, but then we thought of the 'Singing Boys' and of how their throats swelled when they sang, and of how sweet a song it was."

"And of the puffed cheeks of the trumpeters," trilled the Boy from In the Garden, "and the clash of the cymbals, the dancing, the singing of the glorious hymn of praise!"

"So we decided," announced the Dancing Maiden, "that although we liked all the pictures, we liked the 'Singing Boys' the very best."

"Luca della Robbia!" called the Duke, turning to a smiling dark-eyed man. "You are the chosen one, so take these children to your city, the city where you worked. Hasten, for the stars have disappeared."

"It was wonderful!" called the children from their swift airship, with Mercury at the wheel. Then, as all the artists waved and smiled and bowed, they added, "Please ask us back again some other night."

So very swiftly did they fly that they had not even

had time to speak before they saw far down below them the many brown-red roofs of a city tucked in among the hills, and towering far above the other roof tops the great cathedral and the high bell tower designed by Giotto. As they flew nearer, the sun brightened the delicately curved windows and brought out the gray and the green and the soft pastel rose, with the golden-brown tone over it all, the mellowness of the many years which had passed it over. Quickly to the right they turned and curved swiftly down in front of a building which had an arched portico in front.

“You have honored me in choosing my carved pictures of the ‘Singing Boys,’ ” said Luca della Robbia, “so I thought you might like to see the little carved figures on this hospital of the children. These terra-cotta babies in the medallions between the arches are not by me, but by one whom I taught, Andrea della Robbia.”

“The darlings!” exclaimed the Dancing Maiden, “all of them looking right out of the deep-blue background just as if it were the sky!”

“There’s a merry one!” declared the Girl with the Gazelles, “and a sad one and a thoughtful one! But

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## MOONLIGHT MOVING PICTURES

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each looks as if it wanted to be taken up and cuddled like the other babies we saw to-night."

"Just peer inside," suggested the artist, and as the



THE ANNUNCIATION  
Andrea della Robbia  
Hospital of the Innocents, Florence

*This is just the sort of a carved picture, with its soft blue and green coloring, to belong to the out-of-doors, in the beautiful courtyard where it can be found to-day. It is all so delicately and gracefully carved, and the border of little heads makes it all the more delightful.*

children looked within they saw a most beautiful courtyard with trees and flowers, and in a lunette high upon the wall—and just seeming to belong to the out-of-doors—the most wonderful carved picture

of the angel bringing to the Madonna the message of the coming of the Holy Child. Between them, against the soft blue background, was such a graceful and beautiful lily in a little vase.

"It makes me want to cry!" said the Boy from In the Garden. "Did you make it, O Luca della Robbia?"

"It is the one of my works I enjoyed the most, except, perhaps, the 'Singing Boys,'" answered the artist, "but it should not make you weep, but be glad!"

The children never could remember just what happened next, but almost before they knew it they were flying back across the sea, back to their own places in America. Beneath them the people on the Earth were awakening.

"The day is just stirring," whispered Mercury, as he helped them settle into their places. "We are back in time. Some other night, no doubt, I shall again be your messenger!"

IN THE  
SPARKLING WATERS  
OF  
A MOORISH FOUNTAIN





# *In the Sparkling Waters of a Moorish Fountain*

## *INTRODUCTION*

*I*N Spain everyone loves flowers and even the humblest houses have their flowers and plants. There are marvelous gardens with fountains and cedars and cypresses. When you look at pictures painted by the modern Spanish artists you will see from them how fond the Spanish people are of bright colors and brilliant sunshine. They are light-hearted and happy and have many festival days when they dance out-of-doors and sing to the music of their gay tambourines and guitars. Sometimes they dress in fancy costumes and go about making merry—rich and poor alike. At night the watchmen shout out the hours, “Two o’clock, and all is serene!” They wear cloaks and pointed hoods; they carry javelins and daggers, and some of them carry keys to all the

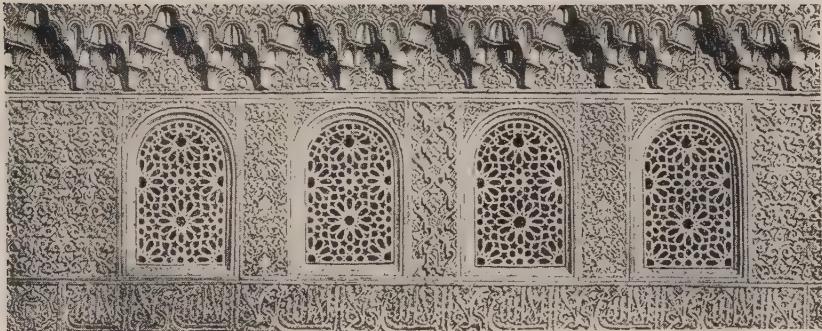
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## INTRODUCTION

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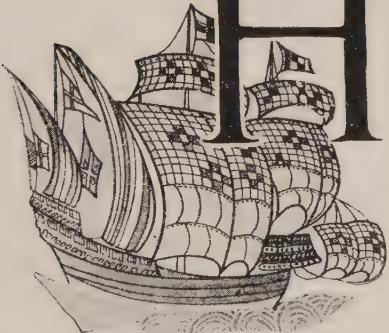
*houses in the streets they pass, a very convenient custom for him who forgets or loses his key!*

*The watchman has just sung, “Ten o’clock, and all is serene!” and has walked away down the deserted street, carrying his lighted lantern. All is silent, save for now and then the sound of far-away merry voices or of distant music, but we are all ready for some sort of an adventure, for the soft air and the faint tinkling of the tambourines make us feel that something is about to happen!*



## In the Sparkling Waters of a Moorish Fountain

**H**ASTE thee, Jacinta!" cried ten-year-old Pedro, tugging at the hand of his smaller sister, Jacinta, as they wearily climbed up the Alhambra Hill in Granada. "Thou didst tell me that old Castro told thee that at one hour before the midnight is called, the Enchanted Soldier appears. Think, Jacinta, Castro told me that once every hundred years, on the festival of St. John, the soldier can speak; and to-night is the festival and old Castro says that from what his old father used to tell him,



just one hundred years have passed since he last broke his magic spell!"

"But, Pedro mio," replied a little voice by his side, "the good mother will be home before us and will be filled with fear when she cannot find us. Dost thou not think —?"

"Hush thee, Jacinta!" answered Pedro, impatiently, with a flash of his black eyes. "Have we not planned for this for days and months? Castro will let her know that we are safe."

So on they walked, Pedro full of eagerness and pushing hastily ahead, a sturdy boy in his dark-green suit and bright-red sash; but Jacinta rather dragged her feet, and even her bright scarf drooped dejectedly at one end.

Trees clustered on either side, and every now and then, when the breezes stirred the leaves to a sighing and a whispering and the shadows, queer in shape, bobbed across their path, a little more closely would the small wanderers draw together.

"I see some towers ahead!" cried Pedro, as the walls and towers of the Alhambra, the Red Palace, rose before them against the star-illumined sky. "And yonder is the Gate of Judg-

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## *WATERS OF A MOORISH FOUNTAIN*

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ment, shaped just like the horseshoe father gave me, sister!"

"We are really here, Pedro!" exclaimed the now excited Jacinta, as at last they went through the gateway. "Oh, Pedro, just look!" Pedro turned and looked with wide eyes at the city of Granada below, gleaming white with dancing lights, against the dark sky. But soon they hurried on, for it was getting perilously near the eleventh hour and they must reach the Tower of the Infantas before that time.

"Here we are within the palace," said Jacinta as they went through a little gateway into the Court of the Myrtles. "Oh, look at the little lake!" and she pointed to a tiny lake in the center encircled with myrtles, orange and lemon trees, and then ran quickly into one of the little galleries with its white marble columns, its arches crowned with arabesques in deep purple, shadowy yellow, and bright gold, and overhead a cupola showing little stars of gold painted upon a blue ground.

"Come!" whispered Pedro, as he caught his sister by the hand and drew her along through the arches and halls with their beautiful carved patterns so deli-

cately done that it looked like lace or fairy work, and seemed to form on the marble pavements laces of moonbeams. Straight through the Court of the Lions they went, their footsteps, light as they were, sending echoes through the deserted chambers opening from it, and the splash of the water from the fountain and the trickle of the water from the mouths of the twelve lions holding up the alabaster basins sounding very queer and mysterious. Pedro and Jacinta drew nearer together as they stole along with starry eyes and fast-beating hearts, glancing this way and that and expecting almost any minute to be stopped by a dusky Moor who had lived there in the days of the kings of the Alhambra. With many a backward glance they tiptoed across the hall where Castro had told them that thirty-six chiefs had been slain by the order of Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, straight through the great hall with its roof in the shape of a star and its many windows showing peeps of the sky beyond into the Hall of the Two Sisters, where they found the beautiful white, blue, and gold vase of which Castro had told them. "Just think, once it was filled with gold!" murmured Pedro, eagerly. "Castro said



#### VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE GENERALIFE

Summer Residence of the Moorish Princes at Granada

*O*N the title-page of this story you saw the arches with their carved patterns, looking—as some one has said—like “needlework upon stone,” or like lacework. Here you see again the delicate patterns above the arches. Just imagine how like a fairy palace it must have looked to Pedro and Jacinta when they saw not only the beautiful patterns, but the gleam of azure and gold and white, and the sparkle of the water sent high into the air by the fountain, spraying the green garden trees and plants.



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## *WATERS OF A MOORISH FOUNTAIN*

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the treasure was found in one of the chambers underneath the palace! I wish we could find some!"

"Come, Pedro," urged Jacinta, "hasten thy footsteps else we shall be too late. Look thou not at the treasures here, but straight ahead!"

So on they stole through galleries and courts all rich with fretwork and tile borders of blue and gold, showing dim in the shadows but often gleaming in the moonlight; windows whose tracery was patterned against the evening blue sky beyond, and ceilings from which hung thousands of ornaments looking like clusters of shining icicles. At last, ever following Castro's directions, through a long passage in the encircling wall, they reached the Tower of the *Infantas*.

"It is an enchanted palace!" whispered Jacinta, with her lips close to Pedro's ear. "See all the little fairy rooms opening out of this high hall! Oh, Pedro! Look how high the ceiling is, and it is all covered with pretty patterns and sparkles like gold in the moonlight!"

"Sh-h!" whispered Pedro. "Eleven o'clock, and all is serene!" came faintly to them from the city far

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## *PAN THE PIPER*

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down below the hill. "Come, let us sit by the edge of this fountain."

Quickly they seated themselves near the alabaster fountain, so close they could feel the spray from the murmuring water. Castro had said to do this.

They waited one, two, three minutes, maybe more, wondering dreamily how long it would be before the Enchanted Soldier should appear. Castro had said he surely would come.

Hark! It might be the loosening of a stone or bit of ornament, but it sounded for all the world like the clanking of armor! And straightway there appeared before them the Enchanted Soldier clad in burnished armor. On his breast he wore a steel corselet studded with gold nails, and on his head a steel casque richly engraved.

"A hundred years is a long time to sleep, and would that the festival of St. John came more often and each year was a single day! Once more do I wish that I were living here in the palace when Their Majesties Ferdinand and Isabella held the throne. It is a tiresome task to guard the treasures here. By the blessed St. John himself, what have we here?"

"The good Castro of the village, so old that he can

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## *WATERS OF A MOORISH FOUNTAIN*

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remember tales of many years ago, did tell us that on St. John's Eve each hundredth year thou wouldest appear here by this very fountain in the tower where thou wert held prisoner and cast under a spell by a Moorish priest." Pedro spoke boldly, though he was dismayed at the sternness of the ancient soldier in his old armor and carrying his long lance. "We would hear about the olden time, if it please thee," he added, relying upon Castro's statement that the Enchanted Soldier would unfold the stories of the past each hundredth year on St. John's Eve.

"Thus let it be!" the soldier cried, and held high his lance. "Look ye in the sparkling water of the fountain and ye will see the people I call forth in story.

"Behold, first, King Boabdil, whom my master and his courageous queen forced to surrender this palace at Granada!"

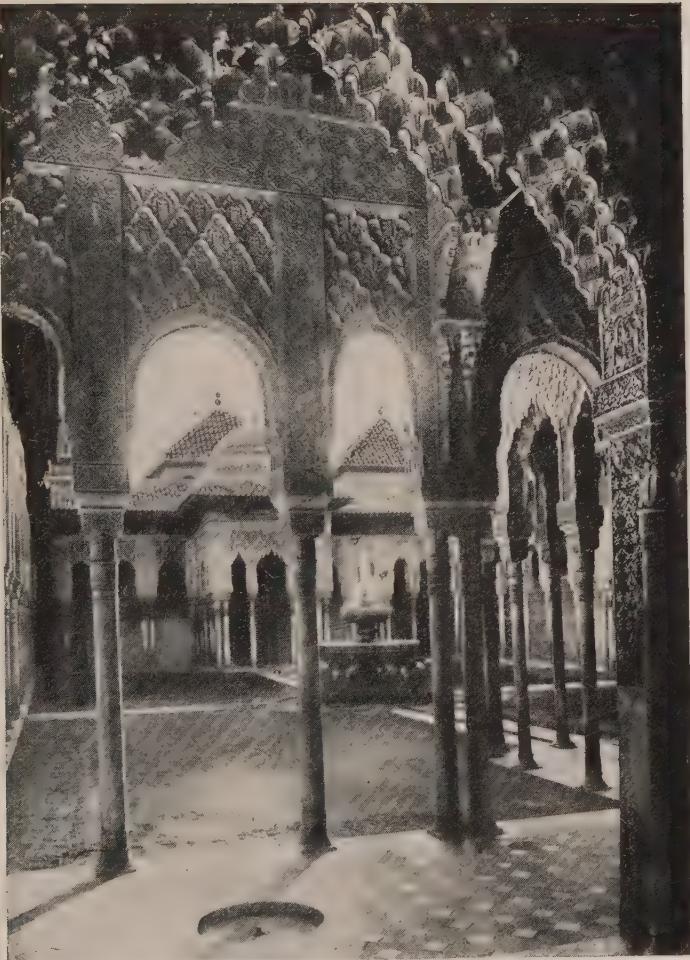
"Look, Pedro!" cried Jacinta, "there in the fountain!" The water tossed this way and that and murmured and sighed until from its very center arose a golden throne upon which was seated the Moorish King Boabdil clad in long robes sparkling with

jewels, while on each side stood a soldier in burnished armor, grasping a drawn sword.

“Watch the fountain closely, little friends, and you will see the surrender of the Keys of Granada in 1492, eight hundred years after the Moors had conquered Spain. Boabdil and his people were starving, for the Spanish king, the year before, had caused his army to destroy the harvest on the plain around and then waited near the city. Hunger came with all its miseries, and all the people suffered and little children died. What could they do but yield to Spain? We were too strong for them. Watch well the fountain. Didst thou speak, my boy?”

“I bade Jacinta see the pictures in the fountain,” answered Pedro. “There are many people moving to and fro.”

“They are the people of the doomed city,” said the soldier, “crying out their grief and their hunger. Boabdil, their king, now comes from his palace, this very Alhambra, followed by his nobles. ‘Allah has grievously visited my sins upon my head,’ he cries. ‘For your sake, my people, I have now made this treaty, to protect you from the sword, your little ones from famine . . . and to secure you in the enjoy-



ENTRANCE TO THE COURT OF THE LIONS OF THE  
ALHAMBRA PALACE, GRANADA

*I*n and out among these tall and slender columns of white marble flitted Pedro and Jacinta, close to the alabaster basin into which fell the moonlight-bright drops of water from the fountain. I suppose they peered long at the strange lions from which the court received its name. Blue and red and golden-yellow they saw, shining in the moonlight; and gleaming like precious stones, the carved patterns hanging like great icicles from the ceiling!



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## *WATERS OF A MOORISH FOUNTAIN*

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ment of your properties, your liberties, your laws, and your religion, under a sovereign of happier destinies than the ill-starred Boabdil.’”

“The people are shouting and weeping!” cried Pedro and Jacinta together; “and they stretch out their arms toward the king!”

“Give heed closely,” answered the Enchanted Soldier, “and the words will come, faint though they may be, ‘Long live Boabdil the Unfortunate!’ Then sent Boabdil a message to the Spanish King Ferdinand that they would surrender on the second day of January instead of the sixth, because of famine. There came the darkening of the night, the last night the Moors would rule within the walls of their great palace, the Alhambra. Hear their cries of sorrow as they pack their treasures, preparing to set forth. Before the rising sun brightened the eastern sky, Boabdil, his family and his followers, left the city that they might not be seen in their sorrow by the people. Mark the proud and unbending mother of Boabdil as, erect upon her horse, she goes through the sleeping streets. Hear the signal guns from the summit of the Alhambra as the Christian army of Ferdinand begins its march across the plain, headed

by the king and queen. Look well and see the silver cross gleaming on the great watch-tower and hear the shouts ‘For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!’ ”

“Here comes Boabdil!” cried Pedro, excitedly interrupting the soldier as he saw the king of the Moors, robed in a dark mantle, crowned, and holding in his hand two keys, advance on horseback, followed by his court.

“Boabdil holds up the keys of the city in sadness,” continued the soldier. “Mark well his words: ‘These keys are the last relics of the Arabian empire in Spain: thine, O King, are our trophies, our kingdom, and our person. Such is the will of God! Receive them with the clemency thou hast promised, and which we look for at thy hands.’<sup>1</sup> See how sorrowful are his eyes as he rides to where Queen Isabella awaits on horseback, erect as becomes a queen.”

“There is a little boy in the fountain!” exclaimed Jacinta softly, but the soldier heard and answered, “The little son of Boabdil held as hostage.” Then softly came to them from within the sparkling waters the words of the conquered Moorish king: “My

<sup>1</sup> Abarca, *Anales de Aragon*, reg. 30, cap. 3.

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## *WATERS OF A MOORISH FOUNTAIN*

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little son! In spite of our misfortunes, Allah is great, for thou art spared me!"

"See!" cried the soldier. "The eyes of Isabella are wet as she watches the humbled king with his little son move slowly to join his weeping court. There they go, Pedro and Jacinta, far away from their beloved city with its vermillion towers shining in the brightness of the coming day. 'Alas!' they cry as they gaze for the last time upon their pride, the Alhambra; 'never before has it looked so lovely in our eyes!'"

"There is no picture in the fountain now, O Soldier," cried Pedro as the last of the Moors faded from their sight, "and Jacinta weeps. Hast thou not another picture before we go? Thou wilt not come for another hundred years, old Castro says, and we shall be with the saints."

"Weep not, little Jacinta," said the ancient soldier, tenderly. "Behold! I will show thee a princess of the Alhambra! She dwelt in ages past with her two sisters in this very tower, where they were kept by their royal father, guarded from the wiles of men. For three Christian cavaliers they had seen, and their hearts had gone out to them in love. Two

of the sisters fled away with their lovers, but the third, Zorahayda, lacked the courage when the night arrived for fleeing, for she feared her father's wrath. Watch well the gleaming waters of the fountain as they fall within the alabaster basin. Make no noise!"

"Twelve o'clock, and all is serene!" heard Pedro and Jacinta faintly from the village, and softly from the fountain's depth, as it sent its "clouds of pearls" into the air, there arose a maiden clad in Moorish robes and bright with many jewels. In one hand she held an opened rose, in the other a silver lute.

"Full many a year since I have spoken," said the maiden. "Is it thou who hast called me forth, Enchanted Soldier? Welcome, Pedro and Jacinta—thou seest I know thy names—welcome to the Alhambra. Only those who are able to believe can see the pictures in the sparkling fountain, called forth by the Enchanted Soldier or by some other from the bygone days when the Moors dwelt within these halls in all their splendor. Wouldst thou hear the music of my silver lute? I am a Moorish princess, Zorahayda, who lacked the will to leave this ancient tower with my knight. Hear thou my song!"

Thereupon there mingled with the murmuring of



SURRENDER OF THE KEYS OF GRANADA TO  
FERDINAND AND ISABELLA, BY KING BOABDIL

Francisco Pradilla  
The Senate, Madrid

*B*OABDIL, the last Moorish King of Granada, sadly holds out to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella the keys of the fortress. In the distance, on the hill, gleam the towers of the city and the palace he loved so well. Around the King and Queen are gathered their court and guard. It was said that the Enchanted Soldier was a member of this guard until he was taken prisoner by the Moors and kept a captive in one of the towers of the great Alhambra Palace.

The artist who painted this picture was very much interested in the story he had to tell.



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## *WATERS OF A MOORISH FOUNTAIN*

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the glistening fountain the melting tones of the silver lute, more clear, more sweet, more wonderful than any music the children had ever heard before, even in the church they attended every Sunday. It sang of birds and flowers and moonbeams with fairies dancing, of the marvelous halls of the palace where once the Moorish kings held sway and jewels glittered, armor flashed, and fountains played, and where voices were raised in song. It sang of gold and silver and precious woods, of marble and of gleaming stone; and it sang plaintively of the story of the princesses three confined in that very room, and of all the glories of the Alhambra and its builders, the Moors.

It seemed to Pedro and Jacinta that they were living in the ages past, a little Moorish prince and princess, in the great Alhambra palace in its splendor. Fainter and fainter sounded the silver lute, and with the Moorish princess farther and farther away in years they went into the past of the palace of the early kings.

“The hour is passed, my children,” came the Enchanted Soldier’s voice at last, “and for another hundred years I cannot speak. Do not forget me,

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*PAN THE PIPER*

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and remember to tell thy children of me, so that when a century hence St. John's Day comes, others, too, may visit me and hear stories of our Spanish lords and of the Moors in Spain. Fare thee well!"

"Enchanted Soldier, tell us more!" cried Pedro, running toward him with outstretched arms, with Jacinta close behind. But instead of the arms of the Enchanted Soldier, who had once more gone beneath his spell for another hundred years, Pedro and Jacinta felt around them the arms of mother Tia, whose eyes glistened in the moonlight and whose voice trembled as she said: "My blessed babies! Old Castro told me he had told thee tales to-day of our glorious Alhambra and I knew I should find thee here. St. John has protected thee on this his festival day!"

CHINA,  
THE LAND OF  
MANY DRAGONS





# *China, the Land of Many Dragons*

## *INTRODUCTION*

*If we had the power to be boys and girls first in one land and then another, I rather think we should come back to our own country, content to be American boys and girls. But it would be good fun to try different countries all the same, wouldn't it? Supposing this time we try China, just as in the other stories we have gone to other far-away countries—India, Persia, France, Italy, England, and sometimes different parts of our own country.*

*One of the most fascinating powers we have in this world, where we are able to do so many wonderful things, is just to make a wish deep down enough, think hard and sure enough! Our Imagination—a part of ourselves and as wonderful, every bit, as Electricity—gets to working very quickly and we are for*

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## INTRODUCTION

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*the time just what we want to be and just where we want to be!*

One day in summer I was sitting on the sun-warmed sand close down by the rippling, murmuring sea. Swiftly there circled close down to the water some great white gulls; so easily they flew along, so swiftly, and with such a graceful, dipping motion, now high up toward the lighter blue of the great curved sky, and now suddenly dipping down until they almost touched the deeper blue sea. At once I thought, "How fine it would be to jump upon a sea gull's back and go flying far out toward where the curve of the sky meets the ever-restless surface of the sea. How glorious it would be to look down from the back of my sea gull—far more perfect in its knowledge of flying than any airship will ever be—and watch the many colors in the water; the long strips of soft yellow-gray-green that make one think of the mosses clinging to the rocks in the great pine woods, followed by deep purple-blue and then by a wonderful blue-green or an emerald green broken here and there by the pure white of the breaking waves.

*As I pretended this flight over the ever-changing*

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## INTRODUCTION

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*sea on the sea gull's back, I suddenly decided to do something which might require a little longer and deeper wishing, but which could be done by that powerful and glorious part of us which could imagine us there. So I decided that I would go to China on the back of the white crane or of a phoenix—because, of course, these birds would know much more about China than would an American sea gull—and visit some of the Chinese boys and girls of To-day and hear some of the Chinese tales of Yesterday. I might even meet, on my journey, some of the many dragons of that far-away Eastern land, for you know China is the Land of Many Dragons—of the sea, of the sky, and of the earth.*

*How many are ready to go to-day, on white cranes and phoenixes, over the selfsame journey that I took before, seeing the strange sights and having the queer adventures? All aboard, then; the birds are ready. We take our places, wish hard, the birds spread their wings, and away we go! There are so many of us that we'll follow the fortunes of just two—say, William and Eleanor!*



## China, the Land of Many Dragons



W O N D E R where we're going first!" called Eleanor to William as they flew side by side—one on the back of a pure-white Crane and the

other seated securely upon the back of a great Phœnix with powerful wings and a gorgeous, streaming tail. She had to "cup" her hands to her mouth as she talked, so swiftly were they flying through the air, and they could hear not only the flutter of the strong wings

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## *CHINA, THE LAND OF MANY DRAGONS*

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and the rush of the air, but the pounding of the waves below, as they went skimming across the ocean to far-away China, the “Land of Many Dragons.”

“To see some Chinese boys and girls!” shouted William, so loudly that the Phœnix and Crane could not help but hear, just as he had intended they should!

“First we shall ——” began the Crane in his gentle voice, but the elegant and superior Phœnix interrupted him. “You will find out in due time,” he remarked, and made a swift, upward curve, followed at once by the Crane, so that William and Eleanor had to put their arms around the necks of their hastening birds, else they would have fallen off. High up they flew close to the clouds, so high that the roar of the sea could no longer be heard, so high that the cities and towns they passed looked like the tiny ones that they had often set up just for fun. On and on they flew without stopping, so swiftly that they had no breath to talk, until they saw in the distance a land where they could make out, from their great height, queer-shaped buildings several stories high with the roof of each story

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*PAN THE PIPER*

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smaller than the one below and the edges of each turned up.

“They are pagodas!” cried William, for they were going so slowly now that it was easy to talk. “And we are re-al-ly in China!”

Gracefully the Phœnix and the White Crane nodded their heads. “First we shall visit a Chinese home,” announced the Phœnix, formally. “I trust that American children will not suffer by comparison with the Chinese in manners!”

Eleanor and William started to make an indignant reply, but the birds dipped down so suddenly that they found themselves right in front of a Chinese house before they had time to speak.

“They are expecting you,” reassured the White Crane, “and the Honorable and August Phœnix and I will rest for a while not far from here and return in time to take you upon your next adventure.”

Hand in hand William and Eleanor rather doubtfully walked toward the little house with its tiled roof, the ridges ornamented with flat tiles placed on end, and its brick walls plastered outside. Through the open court, paved with square stones, they went,

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## *CHINA, THE LAND OF MANY DRAGONS*

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on into the inner court, where they saw coming to meet them from one of the rooms at the side a queer little Chinese boy and girl. The boy wore wide, long trousers—not quilted, because it was not winter time—and a loose jacket. The little girl was so small and so plump that she looked like a soft little bundle of clothes with two narrow black eyes peeping out from her chubby face. As she drew nearer they could make out little blue trousers beneath her loose blue jacket, and on her head was a cap looking very much like a skull cap!

“Why—why—we’re dressed that way, too!” cried Eleanor, excitedly, and behold! they found themselves looking just about like their little host and hostess, and better still, they could understand what they were saying! They discovered that the name of the Chinese boy meant “Fragrant Palace” and that of the little girl “Charming Flower,” and in a few moments they were talking as if they all belonged to the same country.

“We go now to school,” announced “Fragrant Palace.”

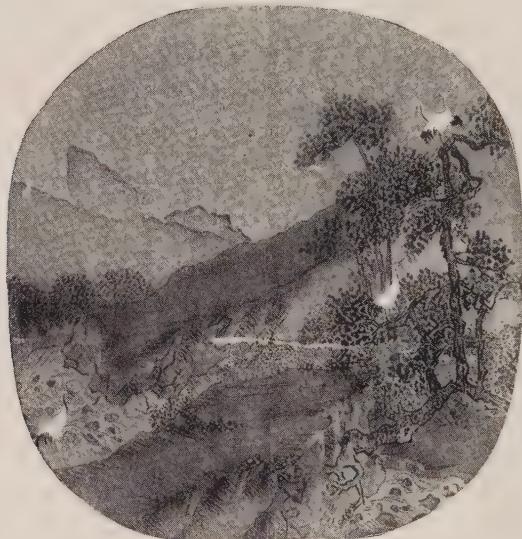
“Isn’t it a queer place?” whispered Eleanor as

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PAN THE PIPER

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they walked through the streets of Shanghai. Such crowds there were in the city streets: now a man-



WELCOME TO THE DEW

Chinese painting, Sung Dynasty, A.D. 1000

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

*The Chinese artists cared not so much for giving a faithful, exact view of what they saw before them, as for making its spirit felt. They cared a great deal for certain of the Secrets of Beauty, such as space filling, line, and the beauty of light and dark.*

darin in his brocade and silken robes passed, then a palanquin carried by many bearers, peasants with wheelbarrows loaded with market produce, and water-carriers slouching along, carrying their bur-

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## *CHINA, THE LAND OF MANY DRAGONS*

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dens from the ends of long poles. When the children reached the school, they found it queerer than anything they had yet seen in China. All the children—and Eleanor, to her dismay, found herself the only girl there—bowed low to the teacher, who in return bowed low to them. It was hard at first to sit with any comfort on one's heels, but soon William was shouting out his lessons with the rest of them, and Eleanor was being taught how to read a Chinese book beginning with the last page first, reading down the page instead of across, and from right to left! She had just started in trying to copy some of the queer Chinese picture-writing and was having rather hard work to manage her brush, wishing deep within herself that she was once more flying on the White Crane's back, when she all at once felt the sweep of wind which she had learned to love on her long journey, and there she was on the Crane's back, flying along through the air! She turned her head, and there on the back of the Proud and Arrogant Phœnix sat William!

“You wished for us at the same time!” chuckled the White Crane, “and now as we fly along listen

well with both ears, Most August Cherry Blossoms, and in the music of the wind hear the story of the great painter Sesshiu, who managed a brush with all the skill which the little Cherry Blossom was wishing for, as I saw her trying to use it when I peered into the busy schoolroom."

With wide-open ears they listened, and borne to them on the rushing wind, clear and distinct, came the words, while before their eyes vividly appeared the pictures of what they heard.

"In the fair Land of the Rising Sun, Japan, the land which learned so much in early times from China, there lived in the village of Osaka a boy by the name of Sesshiu. Many years ago it was, before the art of printing was discovered in Europe, but a thousand years later than its first use in China.

"'He shall be brought up as a priest,' his August Parents decided, so he was sent away to a monastery to be trained. He learned quickly enough what the priests taught him, but his mind was often far away and he was always begging for paper and brush that he might draw pictures of the hills and the mountains, especially the celestial mountain of the

Japanese, the venerable Fujiyama. Sometimes he would spend hours in drawing a flower or a branch of bamboo, and then again he would picture the animals and birds that he saw, and one day he even drew some on the margins of the sacred books! ‘Thou shalt be punished for this!’ sternly decided a priest of the temple, and tied him fast to a pillar, making a knot of the rope secure so that he could not get away. All the morning was he forced to stay there when he longed to be out in the temple garden, where he was often sent to study the lessons the priests set him and where he could always find something with which to draw, even if he had to use a twig for a brush and the earth for paper!

“‘I can never learn to be a priest!’ mourned the boy, as he stood fast tied to the pillar, tugging now and then at the hindering rope. ‘Why did my August Parents send me here? Could they not see that I have the soul of an artist that guides my humble fingers whether I will or no?’

“Then, wearied by his long standing, tied fast to the pillar, and sorrowful that he was losing so many precious hours, Sesshiu wept, but as the big tears

fell, of a sudden he took his toe for a brush and with tears for ink and the floor of the temple for paper, drew rats so much like real ones that as each was finished, even to the last curve of the tail, it was filled with life and went scampering out over the floor, coming swiftly back to gnaw the rope that bound him!

"Just as Sesshiu was stretching his cramped arms, there could be heard down the corridor the approaching footsteps of a priest. 'Behold, Celestial One, what my rats, drawn by the tears I shed at my captivity, have done!' cried the delighted boy to the amazed priest. That night there was a meeting of the priests of the temple, who decided that Sesshiu must no longer be kept, but helped in the work which filled his mind and heart.

"After Sesshiu had studied long in his own land, learning just how to turn his brush so as to get a vigorous stroke or the most delicate line, and looking long at that which he wished to paint before he began, that he might never change a line, he visited China, our glorious Land of the Many Dragons. The people of our Celestial China graciously acknowledged that Sesshiu had much to teach rather than

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## *CHINA, THE LAND OF MANY DRAGONS*

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learn, and the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, sent for him to appear at his court in Peking.

“Thy divine gift, O son of Japan, has found



MAKIMONO

About A.D. 1050

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

*The Chinese children were really learning to be artists when they made their queer picture-writing, for they used brushes instead of pencils or pens. So they became very skillful in the handling of the brushes and, like Sesshiu, they knew so well how to suggest landscapes full of space, the stillness of the woods, the beauty of a flowering branch and singing bird. They could make very firm black lines to suggest a rocky landscape, or very delicate strokes such as you see in this beautiful picture. You will know by looking at it how dearly the Chinese loved nature.*

favor in our sight,’ announced the Emperor before the audience there assembled. Learned scholars were there and high officials, all eager to see what the famed Japanese artist could do. ‘Thou shalt decorate the walls of my Imperial Palace, Honored One, and thou hast my august permission even to paint the sacred mountain of thy land, a privilege never given before; furthermore, mortal fa-

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*PAN THE PIPER*

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vored of the gods, the artists of my land shall come to thee for instruction, for marvelous teachers thou must have had. Disclose to us their august names.'

"Humbly the artist, Sesshiu, bowed his gratitude before the Emperor. Three times he bowed until the sleeves of the mandarin coat he wore touched the palace floor. 'The name of my one august teacher, O Son of Heaven, is Nature; I have learned from the woods, the hills, the mountains, and the streams. As a boy I would watch for hours the illustrious light of the moon; study the soft and delicate petals of the flowers, the bamboo bent in the wind, the sunlight and the shadows on the beloved sacred mountain of our land, the birds fluttering under the blue of the sky, and the beauty of it all taught me how to use my brush, O most August Emperor of this land whose artists first taught ours. In return for thy most kind and gracious hospitality, permit me to produce before this audience a picture of thy emblem, O honored Son of Heaven, the Imperial five-clawed Dragon!"

"Thereupon, before the eyes of the astonished court, Sesshiu took a broom, dipped it in a bucket



LANDSCAPE WITH PAGODA PALACE  
IN THE FOREGROUND

Chinese Painting, Yuan Dynasty, XIV Century  
Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

*I*n this picture you can see how little the Chinese artist cared about some of the problems which the Western artists solved, such as distance and form. He knew, however, just how much to put in his picture and just how much to leave out, understanding the beauty of "empty spaces."

*No doubt Eleanor and William looked from the backs of the Crane and the Phoenix upon a Chinese landscape very much like this.*



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*CHINA, THE LAND OF MANY DRAGONS*

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of ink, and forthwith drew upon the huge sheet of paper on the floor an immense Dragon with its five claws holding the sacred jewel. So full of life it was, seeming almost to breathe fire, that it called forth a burst of applause from the Emperor of China himself!

“‘Behold! It may come to life as did the rats the honorable Sesshiu drew upon the temple floor,’ cried those of the court who had heard that story, almost fearful of the huge monster, so real was it to behold!”

The wind music still kept on, but the words and the pictures it called forth were no longer there. “Little Plum Blossoms,” murmured the White Crane, gently, after a whispered talk with the Phœnix, who merely nodded his stately head, “would you hear of the making of the glorious porcelain which you have seen in your own land, one of the other arts of our honored country?”

“Oh, please do make the wind talk to us again!” begged Eleanor, as she nestled more comfortably among the soft white feathers on the Crane’s back. “We are wishing it very hard!” begged William, who sat more sedately upon the brilliant Phœnix.

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*PAN THE PIPER*

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On and on they flew, now up close to the twinkling, blinking stars, and then—when daylight came—down nearer to the earth, so close sometimes that they could hear the many strange noises in the Chinese cities. At last they heard beneath them once again the roaring of the sea and, as they glided on, through the rushing of the wind the words came.

“‘Oh, Spirit of Fire that glows with such bright radiance within the red-hot furnaces, I pray thee that the vases which shall come forth from thy head may have all the grace of form and line, and all the gracious harmony of color, that were revealed to me by the Spirit of Beauty in my dream. Even as the humble workman who molds the great bells stands before the deep pit which holds the core and mold and the pots and ladles, and as he listens to the roar of the bellows and watches the flames grow ever brighter, prays that the hissing, melted metal which fills the mold may leave no crack unfilled and may form the perfect shape he has planned it to be; thus do I offer my prayer to the Spirit which guards the making of porcelains in all their divine beauty of color.’

“Thus spake the first great porcelain artist who dwelt in our Celestial Land some thousands of years ago. Patiently did he sift the clay, or *kaolin*, the ‘bones’ of the porcelain, and the quartz, or *tun*, its ‘flesh’; many times did he cleanse them in water as clear as the mountain brook which has delighted the artist’s eye from the time of Sesshiu on through the many years. ‘Now I shall shape thee with grace and beauty of line and of form. Well do I know that I, the first to mix this creamy paste, can give it colors unknown before.’

“Swiftly his skillful hands kneaded the paste, mixing it with those wonderful colors of which only he knew the secrets. Long and patiently did he work, each touch making more perfect the vases which he had formed, their colors delighting the eye, and covering it all with the shining, glossy enamel.

“‘Feed the furnaces until the Spirit of Fire shall be well pleased,’ he cried to his men who were tending them, ‘and watch them well.’

“When the vases were taken from the hot furnace which had been so gently blending all the colors, behold! there was one ‘blue as the sky is after rain,

when viewed through the rifts of clouds'; there was another 'softly flushed like the skin of a peach'; one a pure mossy green; a pale yellow; and a purple, deeper than violets and more like the clear evening sky after the sun is set and before the coming of the stars.

"'O Spirit of Fire, I thank thee!' cried the porcelain maker as he drew forth the last two perfect vases: one of blue all delicately veined like winter ice cracked, and covered with a graceful pattern of the wild prunus flower, meaning winter; the other a soft gray-green showing a great five-clawed Dragon.

"'O Spirit of Fire, accept the gratitude of thy most humble worshiper. These vases which have come forth from the mouths of thy great furnaces are like none ever formed before! Straightway will I take them to the August and Honorable One that their beauty may cause his eyes to rejoice and his heart to grow warm with delight.'

"Hear, then, what happened! When the porcelain maker appeared before his Emperor and, bowing low many times, presented him with these two most

## *CHINA THE LAND OF MANY DRAGONS*

wonderful vases, the Emperor said, ‘Favored one of the gods, whose hands can fashion vases of such beauty that they bring tears of joy to the beholder,



BLUE-AND-WHITE HAW-  
THORN GINGER JAR

Chinese porcelain, XVII century

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum  
of Art

*How would you like to have a New Year's present of this jar filled with preserved ginger? Not only is it beautiful in form, but in the pattern of the wild prunus flower, or hawthorn, meaning wintertime, and the deep-blue color of the veined background looking like cracked ice.*

I accept thy matchless gift and henceforth the five-clawed Dragon which lives in all his fire and grandeur upon thy vase, shall be my emblem and that of the Emperors of our Celestial Land who follow me! ”<sup>1</sup>

“I shall hunt for the five-clawed dragons and the beautiful colored vases when I get back,” confided Eleanor in the White Crane’s ear, as the voice ceased

<sup>1</sup> The idea of this part of the story came from Lafcadio Hearn’s “Tale of the Porcelain God” in *Some Chinese Ghosts*.

speaking. “And I for the pictures made with such few strokes of the brush,” thought William to himself, though he did not say it aloud or even whisper it, for the Phœnix was rather difficult to talk with.

“Remember, Little Plum Blossoms,” murmured the White Crane, as they dipped and curved and glided along, “remember we have many dragons in our land. There is the great Sky Dragon who guards the heavens and keeps them from falling down; there is the Spiritual Dragon who rules the winds and the clouds; and the Earth Dragon, who has to do with the courses of the great rivers, as well as the Dragon of Hidden Treasure. Look well upon the Chinese screens, the paintings upon silk or paper, the colorful porcelain jars, the rugs, and you will recognize these symbols of our Land of Many Dragons.”

“We are back within your land—just where we started,” announced the Phœnix, abruptly. “Farewell!”

“Until another time when you wish to visit us again!” called back the White Crane, as they swiftly flew away.









